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THE
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THE DISCOURSES OF FANICA.

SCENES FROM FRENCH UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE
PROVINCES.

V. FRENCH LOGIC IN A BATHROOM.

FANICA and I have now reached that advanced state of friendship in which we can dispassionately discuss the national characteristics of the French and the English. This is a very delicate matter, because the average Frenchman is apt to take on most alarmingly if one suggests that the French are not supreme in absolutely all branches of everything. I think, in fact, that he is even more touchy than the Englishman on this point

Fanica is reasonable, and I hope that I am. When he does definitely prove that the Frenchman is superior to the Englishman in something, I graciously admit it, but point out that in this department one must, of course, look upon the Scots as distinct from the English. I think we have now agreed, between us, that the Scots are bracketed supreme in everything, sometimes with England, and sometimes with France. Both these countries only come third in about half the items we have discussed. From these statistics, the versatile genius of the Scot can well be judged. (*Note.*—I do not say, can be well judged.)

As a matter of fact, I often ask Fanica quite frankly about some points of the French character that are unknown to me, or that I fail to understand or appreciate. This flatters him immensely, not only in his national pride, but also in his own genius for expressing his ideas clearly. Clarity! Great quality of the French! Such, now, was the case with that great sister quality of the French, Logic.

I asked Fanica to explain this to me, to account for it, to illustrate it, *bien quoi, de me faire une conférence là-dessus*. This occurred in the course of a cycle run that we were making from Bordeaux to Biarritz by way of Roquefort, where the cheese comes from. It was a tactical question on my part, because Fanica is a regular cyclist, whereas I had not been on a push-bike for two years. During his *conférence*, he was sure to be carried away by his own

rhetoric, to get short of breath, and probably to propose the rest that I had been needing for the last ten kilometres.

Alas, he was longer winded than I had expected. He discussed the Latin antecedents of the French, above all, of the Bordelais. He spoke to me of Montaigne and Montesquieu. He even spoke to me a little of Fanica, and my rest, now long overdue, never came and never came. The fiery sun was sinking over the desolate Landes, and still we pedalled along the little paths for cyclists, beside the awful *pavé*. Lower and lower sank the sun, and the Landes became more and more desolate. No house was visible, and our *carte routière* seemed to be all wrong, for we should have reached an estaminet long before. But Fanica was tiring. He, too, was becoming anxious about the continued non-appearance of our estaminet. At length he suggested a halt for a cigarette.

During the halt we consulted our map, and soon saw that there was nothing for it but to dash the last fifteen kilometres to Pau. Dash, was the word, for we were riding without lights of any sort, not even the Chinese lanterns used so much in the towns, but which are worse than useless on a country road, and already the horizon had taken a chip out of the sun. It was now *une belle route*, and we made good speed to reach Pau shortly after dark.

And now we had to find an hotel. This we did, and, joy of joys, got a room with a bathroom attached. It was a matter of minutes before I was in that bath. Joyously I turned on the hot tap, and was disgusted to find only cold water. With a curse, I went to the wash-hand basin, and to my astonishment got hot water. This was logic, if you like! Soon I found a jug, and proceeded laboriously to fill up the bath from the basin. Jugful after jugful I carried on my tedious task, and after about a quarter of an hour's work had a reasonably full bath, but, alack, my water had gone tepid during the lengthy performance. However, I came out of my bath glowing with health and pretended that I had had a great bath.

Fanica, I supposed, would not bother having a bath when it entailed all this preparation. However, he gaily took his turn, and after a few minutes I went to enjoy the spectacle of a Frenchman wrestling with the inefficiencies of a French bathroom. Judge of my amazement when I saw him wallowing up to the armpits in a steaming bath!

'How the deuce did you manage that?' I asked, not altogether believing my eyes.

For answer he stretched out his hand and turned on the cold tap. It was now my turn to give a discourse on French logic, which I did not hesitate to do.

Fanica replied with a talk on French perseverance, the will to win that had carried them through the Hundred Years' War. Having failed with one tap, was he discouraged? No, a thousand times, no! I remarked that I certainly never should have had the perseverance to say a thousand times, 'No!' but this fell on stony ground. He then explained at some length, lolling back luxuriously in his bath, that his logical mind had led him to try the second tap, and his perseverance had carried him through.

It was not for some days that I had the gratification of discovering that Fanica, despite all his logic and other attributes, was suffering from quite a severe burn on the arm. He had got it from the water in the cold tap in that logical bathroom.

VI. DAWN.

At the Femina, the film 'Dawn' is showing. We tried to get in on the students' day, but there was such a crowd that it was impossible. It is such an attraction that we have decided to spend twelve francs on it. We have booked our places and have gone with Macdonald.

We arrive some minutes before the show is due to start. The hall is already full, and there is a feeling of tenseness in the air. The screen is draped with Union Jacks and Tricolours. In front of the screen is a table, with a glass of water on it, and we gather there is going to be a speech before the film starts. Presently a wounded soldier steps up to the table, and gives a brief and very fair account of the historical facts. Then he sits down, and we all wait, keyed up with expectation.

Then, without any warning, the organ begins to play. At the second note I realise that it is playing God Save the King. Nobody budges. With a great effort I stand up alone in the middle of the hall. Macdonald sheepishly follows suit, with the muttered objection, 'It's all right with me.' Fanica is apparently unaware of what is going on.

'Debout, Nom de Dieu, debout!'

Fanica also stands up. People are beginning to stare at us. I, for one, am blushing terribly. There we stand, till the last note of the organ fades slowly away. We are just sitting down,

when the organ gasps, takes breath, and plays the whole thing through again. The organ fills the hall, and the air is throbbing. I have never felt so patriotic in my life, and I feel as if I could kill the first German I meet. When at last the final drawn-out note dies away, I sit down with racing blood and beating heart.

After a moment the organ starts again—at first very slowly, and quietly, on the opening notes of that most moving of all tunes, *La Marseillaise*. It seems to gather force because it knows it is among friends, and roars out, 'Le jour de gloire est arrivé.' It has lifted the audience with it. Everybody in the hall is on his feet, not standing to attention, but shouting with enthusiasm. It is 1914 all over again. The Frenchman's blood is up. His mind is full of memories of hate and thrills of vengeance. They are in a state of exaltation by the time the organ rises above them all in the closing lines. They all sink back in their seats, as if overcome by the awful idea *qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons*. Then fury gains them. *La patrie en danger!* They start all over again, exhorting each other, 'Allons enfants de la patrie——' They have worked themselves up to a terrible pitch, and the organ is forced to follow them once more through the whole song. At long last they sit down, apparently satisfied. But the organist is not satisfied. Unaccompanied by any voices he starts the air again. He plays it with the utmost feeling, first enthusiastically, then with tense staccato hate—*contre nous de la tyrannie*—then quietly, with that same feeling of awe in the presence of some terrible catastrophe, quietly enough to let us hear very far away—*entendez-vous dans ces campagnes mugir ces féroces soldats*—very softly and very bitterly he continues the tale of the slaughter—*ils viennent jusque dans vos bras, égorger vos fils, vos compagnes*—there is a slightly exaggerated pause to let the shameful idea of the sullied fatherland grip the audience—then louder than the bolts of Heaven, *Aux armes, citoyens*——! As one man, the audience joins in, in a veritable fever of patriotism.

Suddenly the light goes out. Everybody is worked up to receive a very just film, in the most warlike spirit possible.

It was dark when we got out, and people started spontaneously to sing the *Marseillaise*. We had intended to go to bed early, but there was an indescribable feeling of unrest in the air. First we went to a café, and took a grog. None of us had anything to say. I think we all had our own thoughts. Somebody started playing the song again on a mouth-organ, and immediately the

whole café was ringing with it. I almost wished I could have been born French, to be able to partake fully of that awful enthusiasm, that, even as it was, unsettled me in an extraordinary manner.

The night air, instead of cooling us when we went out, only seemed to excite us more. We met some of the Types du Bec, and went along to the Café Français to gather more. Then we paraded the streets, singing all the time. For once the police did not look on us with a dubious eye. We went to the Alhambra dance-hall, invaded it, and got the orchestra to play the Marseillaise. We were all so excited that I am sure the dancers thought another war had broken out. When we had sung it right through once or twice, the band put it to jazz and we danced.

Then, quite suddenly I had an acute reaction—the idea of dancing to the National Anthem! Quietly I slipped away. I felt very solid and British, and it was no longer the Marseillaise that dinned in my ears the whole way home. It was God Save the King. For some reason, I was almost weeping with emotion—and I had thought the French song the more moving!

VII. DÉPLACEMENT DU BEC.

A *déplacement* is nothing more alarming than an away game. The Bec finds itself *en déplacement* practically every Sunday, and as the whole ceremony is rather bizarre, it seems worth explaining. Besides, Fanica has specially asked me to do so, because he has his little vanity as captain of the team.

Each Sunday Fanica rallies his men, either at the station of Saint Jean or Bastide. He is exceptionally pleased if a full team turns up, and is really quite content if he has fourteen men. We embark on the train as it moves out of the station, never under any circumstances before then, and instal ourselves for the morning. These little local trains take anything up to four hours to cover twenty miles, and, on occasion, pass through the same station more than once. We often have to get up ridiculously early to catch them, unless we are playing at some place like Angoulême, conveniently situated on the main Paris line.

Before long, the train, which is unsteady enough at any time, is rocking with our vocal efforts, as we go through the whole repertoire of songs telling how utterly invincible the university team is. The amazing thing is that we sing them with conviction.

At long last we draw up at some potty little station, that seems to be miles from anywhere. This usually turns out to be true, for it is a remarkable peculiarity of the French railways that they try to pass as far away from as many towns as possible. This has caused the directors more trouble than might be expected, because France is very thickly studded with minute villages. The only reason that trains stop in big towns seems to be that these towns have expanded in the direction of the railway, which, at one time, no doubt, passed five kilometres away.

Out of the train, and duly counted by the watchful Fanica, who knows that it is not entirely impossible that some member of the team may prefer the pleasant company he has found in the train to a match with the Bec, we proceed on the tedious walk along straight dusty country roads to the town, village, or township against whose team we are to pit our strength.

When we arrive, we are cordially greeted by the whole population, and escorted to a café, outside which we see a notice announcing the visit of the Bec to the provinces. We enter the café, and take the *apéritif*, and play cards and billiards, until the smell of fried potatoes has become overpowering. Then we go in and eat the fried potatoes, along with all the other normal dishes pertaining to a rousing repast. Add to that an entirely abnormal amount of wine, particularly if the *vin du pays* happens to be a *bon vin* as at Barsac. By the time we are finished, we are barely fit to walk, much less to play rugger. However, we sing each other a few songs, change our clothes, and solemnly roll down to the pitch, having been kissed all round by the waitress, if she shows any tendency to support us. When we start to run about, we soon realise that our great meal was all a ruse to get us out of condition, always supposing that our opponents entertained the groundless suspicion that we were ever in condition.

The game starts amid all manner of cat-calls from the antagonistic crowd. We soon find that the equally antagonistic referee is going to be too much for us. He usually sees fit to warn one or two of our players, and points out bitterly that this is a match *amical*. This is the signal for real rough play to start, and we are soon all streaming with blood from wounds acquired in all sorts of underhand manners. Fanica is soon obliged, in his turn, to warn the referee, though he never does this until we are at least ten points behind.

At half-time, we all fall wellnigh dead on the green, and wonder

how we are going to make up our fifteen points deficit. During the interval we have put the referee in his place, and we usually resume with a try scored by me, who, being stand-off, have the best opportunity to make a neat interception by lying off-side. By now we have cast off the clogging effects of the wine, and are beginning to feel exalted. The result, of course, is that we run wild. We might put up enormous totals but for a lot of knocks-on due to stupid three-quarters not being able to make up their minds which of the two balls to catch. We send the crowd into ecstasies by tackling a few people low, which is never done by the local team except in the bigger towns like Agen and Libourne.

A minute from the end our scores are approximately equal, at fifteen all or so. The result of the match depends upon whether we can get away with another blatant off-side or not.

At long last the blessed whistle blows, and we are once more free to fraternise with our hated enemies of the last eighty minutes. We do this to some tune, usually the same tune that we have already sung in the train and after lunch. After we have drunk a little more, Fanica delights the crowd with some atrociously lewd songs. He is ably supported by the Saussier brothers, loudest singing members of our concert party. I am allowed to sing a so-called Spanish song, that I happen to know, and which goes thus :

No tengo dinero, no tengo papel,
 No tengo trabajo, G—— d—— i—— to H——.
 No tengo mujer, *oh what shall I do ?*
 Carramba, carrajo, me voy en Peru !

It is a very good song, and is accordingly well received.

After all this we go home in the train, in a thoroughly good humour. On arrival in Bordeaux we go to the Café Français, ask how the other teams have got on, and either drink to their success or drown their sorrow in drink.

VIII. THE A.G.

It is raining to-day, quite remarkable for Bordeaux, where it only rains two hundred and eighty days in the year. To-day it happens to be raining worse than usual. This only occurs one hundred and thirty-nine days in the year.

Fanica stands at the window, and gazes out on to the dismal Cours d'Albret. A tram goes bucketing past on the irregular lines, and draws up very suddenly in front of the next house.

This is a very remarkable thing, because the stop is some twenty yards farther on, at the Place de la République, where the law-courts stand.

Fanica jerks round in great excitement. It seems that the car is off the rails. In a moment the brave Fanica is out helping to put it on again. I follow at a leisurely pace, for I am in duty bound to be always the Phlegmatic Englishman. It is for an analogous reason that I smoke a pipe, although I much prefer a cigarette. In a few moments the car is in its normal state again. It appears that this is quite a regular proceeding in Bordeaux.

By this time Fanica is, of course, thoroughly soaked, so to make his soaking seem worth while, he suggests that we go to the A.G. which is the university union. Normally we despise this institution, because it comprises the non-sporting section of the students, as opposed to the Bec, which is, of course, the sporting section, and looks upon itself as a sort of élite. Membership of the A.G. has its advantages, and that is why we others deign to patronise it. The great advantage is that with a membership card, you can get into the Femina picture-house for one franc on Monday, instead of paying seven to twelve as an ordinary individual. The A.G. for some reason which we members of the Bec have never been able to fathom, definitely endorses one's status as a student.

Now, it invariably happens that we are made to feel particularly insignificant when we go into the A.G. It is a very typically French institution, having a considerable internal solidarity, and a most acute snobbishness to all who are not of the initiated. We set down this affected feeling of superiority to an acute inferiority complex. We judge others by ourselves. Anyhow, Fanica and I strolled in as if we owned the place. This was, of course, not the case. For some minutes we endeavoured to make conversation with an inscrutable gentleman in the doorway. He turned out to be a Pole. I had almost thought he must be English.

When we penetrated to the den of iniquity itself, the atmosphere was so heavy with the smoke of months, that we could hardly see anything. Presently, we distinguished some wizened little figures sitting hunched up over tables with their faces screwed into an agony of concentration upon something, which eventually turned out to be bridge. Hitherto I had thought that bridge was a game; it now turned out to be a form of torture. Fanica, who was always up in the local scandal, explained that two of the players, each partnered by his second, were in the course of playing

out a duel. The prize was a certain Angeline, who had rather mischievously agreed to go with both to the Bal des Etudiants. Fanica said the game was not nearly finished, but the finish would be worth seeing, because neither of the combatants was the least bit likely to abide by the decision of fate. There was sure to be a fight.

Then we wandered into the billiard saloon. French billiards, of course, is played on a table with no pockets, and all the scoring is done by cannons. The local champion was in play. We were greeted with a storm of hisses, warning us to be silent. The champion, a dark weedy youth, with a black felt hat on his head, was stalking round the table crouched, with his line of vision never more than two inches above the cloth. I waited, enthralled by this great actor. When was he going to pounce on his prey? With unhesitating determination he continued his march, playing cannon after cannon. He had made fifty-two, which is good in amateur billiards, and had laid himself in a very hard position. The three balls were in a line, jammed on the end cushion. His was farthest from the cushion. He paused for a moment. Then, with his cue perpendicularly in the air, he played his stroke. Somehow he made the cannon. No applause! Only a sigh of relief. I asked Fanica if he too was playing a duel. He was not, and this was no place for such levity! It seemed that his only love was billiards. He was a true character from Balzac, the type whose every action is motivated by some passion. A wreck, probably less than nobody outside this hall, here, at least, he reigned supreme, and the very tragic concentration of his existence lent something noble to his character. But he was now in difficulties. Once again he was pondering. Then he played a masterly stroke off five cushions—it missed by a hair's breadth. There was a general moan from all the hero-worshippers present. The hero collapsed, overcome with grief, on a near-by chair. But already the wheel of fate had moved one cog farther on, and his opponent stepped to the table, chalked his cue, and learnedly surveyed the situation. But the impression was not the same. The glory had departed. There was not the same feeling of tenseness, of veneration, of sympathy—with one missed cannon all was gone.

Realising that our billiards was not all that it might be, we retired. In the other room a great crowd had assembled. The duel was about to finish. The small man with almost red hair, triumphantly laid down his remaining eight cards, and claimed

the tricks. The other sank hopelessly across the table. There was no scene. In a moment he recovered himself sufficiently to congratulate his successful opponent. His opponent made the appropriate speech. He was, of course, enchanted to have won, but no gentleman ever forced a lady's hand, and he suggested that they make the final test by asking the lady which partner she really desired. Ever the woman, she stepped modestly forward, and dramatically raised the defeated one from his chair. 'C'est mon choix,' she said simply. The red gentleman thereupon took the other by the scruff of the neck and threw him downstairs, during which process he got so badly hurt that he was unable to go to the dance, and Angeline had to find a third man.

IX. PERNOD.

After the exhibition in the A.G., Fanica and I played quite a lot of billiards, and we were always about the same strength. As a matter of fact we had each won nine games, but I was quite convinced that I could really play better than he, and could, if I refrained from playing risky shots, beat him every time. I was quite certain of this for at one time in the series I had been three games in front of him.

One day, I made the amazing discovery that Fanica laboured under the sad delusion that he could beat me every time if he tried, and he was certain of this for the very reason that he had at one time been three games behind me, and had made them up.

We became quite heated over this, and decided to play a final game, which was to be a real international match, and we were to fight to the death, no quarter of any sort. I was quite tranquil, because I knew how to beat Fanica, by the simple method of giving him a couple of Pernods. Then his vision became less true, and he played a more daring and usually less successful game. For myself, Pernod is quite the worst drink I have ever tasted. It is cloudy, like cough mixture, with a somewhat analogous taste.

We took our table, and solemnly tossed up for the start. Then I ordered a Pernod and a coffee, just to show that the spirit of rivalry was in no way going to interfere with our amicable relations. Fanica broke off, and missed the opening cannon, with the usual result that he set the balls up for me, and I scored four, and left him on. He only made two, and I missed the next stroke. So we were now on an even footing again, and I had wasted the early lead that he had practically given me. We were playing to fifty

points, and when I was at thirty Fanica was still close on my heels with twenty-eight. This is a position that I hate. I am physically and morally incapable of holding a small lead. I longed to order another Pernod for Fanica, but I had not the barefaced cheek to do it. He now scored two fours in succession, while I scored only two cannons. Thirty-six—thirty-two. It looked as if this were going to be what Fanica called a typical Forrest *débâcle*, because he usually beat me by large margins, whereas I never beat him by more than two or three points. I felt that, when he reached forty, I might as well throw in my hand. I played more and more carefully, and got so nervous that in my next two visits to the table I failed to score, while Fanica reached thirty-nine. I then scored two, which Fanica capped with a five, a brilliant five, every stroke was a hard one, but he lacked sufficient skill to bring the balls together again.

Spellbound I watched, and was already consoling myself by saying that Fanica was on the very top of his form—forty—one—two—three—four. What a stroke! I had thought that shot impossible, and reflexly applauded in the accustomed English manner by thumping my cue on the floor.

That was my salvation. I had forgotten that this was, in France, the way of calling the waiter. To my surprise, the waiter came *au pas gymnastique*, to see what all the noise was about, and I had sufficient presence of mind to order two Pernods. Fanica gave me a glare. He had seen through the Pernod trick, but he was too wily to be so easily defrauded of his win as that. He quaffed off his glass at a mouthful, and I had, perforce, to do likewise. Fanica missed his next shot, and the score stood at forty-four—thirty-four. Dazed by the momentous occasion and the Pernod, I stepped with sinking heart to the table. Fanica had left me on, and I pulled myself together and ran four easy cannons. Then, unfortunately, I got the balls apart, and had to execute a terrific screw to get five, and another to get six. Then I failed, and left Fanica a difficult shot. I looked upon it as a cannon off four cushions. The Pernod was already stimulating my imagination. Fanica played it very fine off one cushion and missed it. Once more he left me on. There was hope for me yet. I was only four behind, and the hastily gulped Pernod had in no way impaired my vision. My hopes were rising as I chalked my cue. Then suddenly I became aware of the effect of the Pernod. For some reason, instead of playing a simple follow through, I felt an irrepressible desire to

play round the table. I did so, and a cannon resulted. Fanica was sulky.

'Tu aurais dû couler,' he remarked.

The balls were set up again for a follow through. I looked defiantly at Fanica.

'Sur trois bandes,' I said.

Once more the shot was successful. For a moment I thought I was not going to make it, as the balls were not running very fast, but I made it very delicately, and got a run of three easy cannons, before I let the balls get separated again. I contemplated the situation. I was leading by one, and only needed five to win. Ten was quite an exceptional break for me, so I decided to look upon it as if I were starting a new break. Then I would not get nervous, because it would only seem as if I were trying to run five. The balls were in a straight line, about five inches from one cushion, with mine at the end. I made a cannon off the cushion, and left Fanica and the red together. That was an easy cannon for forty-seven. I played a long cannon off the end cushion for forty-eight, a cannon off three cushions for forty-nine, and a cannon off two for fifty.

Fanica was in a state of collapse. I had run ten to snatch the game from his hands. The thing was unheard of! I pointed out that I had always said I could beat him if I set my mind to it. As a matter of fact, I had just been letting him get ahead, with the intention of running off the last dozen or so at the end. Fanica asked what I would have done if he had had a big break, and I had had no opportunity of running my ten, for, after all, it was only ten. I said that I had been watching his form pretty closely, and I was prepared to run a score or two at any time if occasion required. That was so ridiculous that we both had to laugh.

Then Fanica gave a sigh of relief, and said he was glad he had won after all. I gaped. Then he pointed out that my cue was under the regulation length, and so he was sorry he had to claim the game. That was so manifestly unfair that I appealed to his sportsmanship to have a replay. So we decided to nullify the game, and cancel all future international fixtures.

Since then we have only played friendly games, but Fanica has never beaten me since I learned the exhilarating effect of Pernod. I am acquiring quite a taste for Pernod. It is a cloudy drink like Raki, and tastes even better.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT G. DUNDAS.

PLAGIARISTIC PLAYS.

BY JOE GRAHAM.

PLAGIARISM knows no limitations. Its province is world-wide. Nothing escapes it. Patent laws may to some extent shelter mechanical and technical industries, but in every artistic walk of life its baleful energies are always at work. No trade-union 'cannism' hampers it. Nothing by it is held sacred. Corot landscapes, Chippendale chairs, Sheraton sideboards, Medieval tapestries, Sèvres pottery, all is fish that comes to its net; though we believe that, so far, immunity has been conceded to the anatomical eccentricities of Mr. Epstein.

Probably the most fruitful field for the plagiarist's imitative efforts has been in dramatic literature. Complaints of pilferage have rung down the ages almost from the first. At a later period one can imagine old man Æschylus impotently raging against that interloper Sophocles for stealing his tragic thunder when the Athenian dramatic crown was wrested from him by his more youthful rival.

Nor did the Latin poets and playwrights escape, to judge by Horatius Flaccus's indignant 'Away ye imitators, servile herd.' Both our own Shakespeare—perhaps the most persistent plagiarist of all—and the incomparable Molière, levied heavy tribute on the comedies of Terence and Plautus. But they, of course, were literary giants, who, in the words of George Frederick Handel, 'took their goods wherever they found them.'

Sheridan, in *The Critic*, makes Sir Fretful Plagiarism wax indignant over the flagrant sins of all such covert copyists. 'Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children; disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.' Which did not, however, deter Sheridan himself from founding that very comedy on Bayes' *Rehearsal*, or from annexing the plot of Vanbrugh's *Relapse* for his own *Trip to Scarborough*.

Coming to the period of the early, or mid-Victorian, theatre, one is apt to be mentally staggered at the raids made by reputable authors on the output of their French contemporaries. Barefaced adaptations were continually being launched by the quite simple procedure of the immortal Crummles. 'Do you understand French, Nickleby?'—'Perfectly well.'—'Very good! There, just turn

that into English, and put your name on the title-page.' That good old stand-by *The Ticket of Leave Man*, was a notable case in point.

Even more curious was the treatment of *Le Mari à la campagne*, transformed in 1849 by Mr. Morris Barnett into *The Serious Family*, a comedy in which J. B. Buckstone, as Aminadab Sleek, caused endless amusement to thousands of playgoers until his lamented death in 1879. Soon afterwards Burnand, then editor of *Punch*, coolly looted the entire plot, situations and dramatis personæ, simply changing the nomenclature and rechristening it *The Colonel*.

The Gallic temperament does not, as a rule, take over-kindly to such treatment; as was evidenced the other day, when a French author shot himself at a theatrical performance as a protest against the alleged plagiarism, by a rival writer, of his play *General Boulanger*. Before pulling the suicidal trigger he voiced his accusation to the startled audience.

The great Dion Boucicault made his first remarkable success so far back as 1841 with *London Assurance*, a comedy which until recently was assured of periodical revivals. Much theatrical gossip, both here and in America, was caused by the bold assertion of third parties that the youthful Dion had bodily appropriated, and passed off as his own, a manuscript play by a brother author-actor, John Brougham. The story, told with circumstantial details, ran that he had been invited to give his opinion of the elder actor's work, had copied the script, and utilised it for his own ends. Such things are known to have been done; but the fact remains that whatever Brougham may have thought, or said, he took no legal action to assert his claim. One of the leading arguments advanced as proof of there having been 'dirty work' was the extreme youth of the professed author. How, or where could a lad of nineteen have acquired the insight into character which, in every member of the long and varied cast, the comedy conveys? A dangerous disputation, for could not our own brilliant Noel Coward be cited as an impressive witness for the defence?

It was amusing to read the other day that Miss Clemence Dane ascribed the authorship of *London Assurance* to poor Tom Robertson, who, at the date of its production was just twelve years of age—an infant prodigy indeed! If one might venture a suggestion to so distinguished an authoress, it might take the form of the one standard admonition a celebrate deditor is said to have impressed on his subordinates: 'Verify your references.'

If it be granted that *London Assurance*, with all its qualities,

sprang, Minerva-like, from the brain of the youthful Boucicault, not a few of its immediate successors were certainly 'conveyed,' in the Pistolian sense, from other, and earlier, sources. His great Adelphi triumph, *The Colleen Bawn*, was admittedly taken from Gerald Griffen's *Collegians*. Copies of that novel were openly sold in the foyer, and at the box-office, throughout its surprising run. This unusual feature might, however, have been a little 'side-line' of the Adelphi management, for that glorious actor, Benjamin Webster, like many of his old-time compeers, was never neglectful of the 'nimble ninepence.'

The plot of *The Streets of London*, produced in 1864, was manifestly founded on the much earlier *Fraud and its Victims*, plus the introduction of that somewhat bizarre character, Badger; and the inspired presentation of the wonderful fire-effect. The sight of a real fire-engine, drawn by real horses, with real brass-helmeted firemen spouting real water from real hose in an atmosphere of real red-fire and real steam, took London playgoers completely by storm. Until recently the play had its periodic repercussions throughout the provinces. Billed as—'The Streets of'—Manchester—Birmingham—Liverpool—Glasgow, and so on, the change of title was everywhere accepted; but the topographical limit—bordering on absurdity—was reached when a certain Captain John Gordon, touring the Scottish 'smalls,' gravely announced the production, 'on a scale of unexampled magnificence' of the 'epoch-making' dramatic masterpiece, *The Streets of Elgin*.

That there was a plagiaristic streak in Boucicault's composition his warmest admirers must acknowledge; but playgoers will forgive much to the genius who gave them *The Octoroon*, *Flying Scud*, *Formosa*, *Arrah na Pogue* and that finest of all Irish melodramas, *The Shaughraun*.

A notable instance of the 'sincerest form of flattery' occurred in 1886 when Mr. William Musker's play of *Garrick* was produced at the Strand by Edward Compton. It proved to be an almost absolute paraphrase of Tom Robertson's *David Garrick*, written in 1864 expressly to give the great 'Dundreary' Sothorn an opportunity to demonstrate his versatility, which certain London critics had presumed to question. Robertson openly admitted that he had gone to a French source for his inspiration—I fancy to an almost forgotten drama, *Kean*, of which a mock-drunken scene had been a leading feature.

Though the date of Musker's effort is authoritatively given

as 1886, I have a distinct recollection of playing Alderman Gresham—the counterpart of Alderman Ingot in Robertson's comedy—at the old Theatre Royal, Northampton, early in 1883. As I have also enacted Ingot I can bear witness to their very close resemblance.

Far more serious was the accusation of 'piracy' made in 1881 by our great Wessex novelist, Thomas Hardy, on the St. James's production of A. W. Pinero's comedy, *The Squire*, which, it was maintained, had been deliberately taken from Hardy and Comyns Carr's dramatisation of the former's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, first published in the CORNHILL in the early seventies. It was openly advanced that the play in question had been offered to Hare for production, but had been declined by the St. James's management; while *The Squire*, manifestly drawn from the rejected MS., had been launched by them soon afterwards. There could be no mistaking the original source of inspiration, indeed Mr. Pinero frankly admitted having read the novel, though not, he contended, until he had nearly completed his own effort. In those early days every book published was held to be fair game for any playwright; but this argument was somewhat weakened by Mr. Pinero's introduction of a character not found in the novel, but a leading feature of Mr. Hardy's version. Much correspondence and comment ensued. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger would have put it, 'Twas a very pretty quarrel as it stood.' Dissuaded from taking legal proceedings the offended author resolved to make the great playgoing public his jury, and duly produced *Far from the Madding Crowd* at Liverpool early in 1882. It was a big success in the provinces, and eventually came to London, I believe, at the old Globe, while *The Squire* was still running. In both renditions the scent of the hay was freely wafted over the footlights, but the treatment of the main theme was manifestly different. As was to be expected, the St. James's atmosphere of *The Squire*, in which Mrs. Kendal made one of her many notable triumphs, was far more delicate and refined than that of the more pronounced and melodramatic handling of the common theme by the rival authors. The almost plethoric element of rustic dialogue, which was a leading characteristic of the novel, had, by Mr. Pinero, been advantageously concentrated in the character of the cantankerous old Gunnion—the undoubted precursor, if not the inspirer, of Churdles Ash in *The Farmer's Wife*. The good fortune which usually attends the one who 'gets his blow in first,' followed its habitual course, and Hardy's practical protest soon yielded to the force of circumstances. The bitterness engen-

dered, however, survived, and, on Mr. Hardy's part, was, I fear, never really dispelled. Like every highly-strung nature, he could feel intensely. The flood of critical reprehension which, starting with *Tess*, culminated into the virtual condemnation of *Jude the Obscure*, determined him to seek his future laurels in the realm of heroic poetry; a resolution which in course of time, unhappily, produced that ponderous infliction *The Dynasts*. Genius proverbially sighs for fresh worlds to conquer, oft to its own undoing. Ambition led Alexander of Macedon to an early grave, Wolsey to Leicester Abbey, Napoleon to St. Helena, Garibaldi to Caprera, and the All-Highest to Doorn. Was it not poor Dan Leno's absorbing aspiration to play Hamlet?

Though Shakespeare undoubtedly derived his inspiration for his greatest work from older plays founded on obscure Danish legends, *Hamlet*, we believe, has never suffered from absolute plagiarism, albeit in 1887 a writer in *Temple Bar* essayed to prove that the so-called tragedy was, in reality, a deliberate burlesque on the political situation of England in the reign of good Queen Bess. He, however, discreetly left his preposterous article unsigned.

But *The Prince of Denmark* has often met with very scurvy treatment through the vagaries of countless theorists. Admittedly it is too long, but for something like three hundred years the greatest actors of each succeeding generation, together with the most sagacious managers—who had probably been actors too—had essayed to reduce the bulk of this noble play to a size which, while preserving the necessary plot, and retaining its finest passages, rejects a great deal of the verbiage which hampers the action of the play, and halts its progress.

For perhaps a hundred of those years a compact version held the field; but, nowadays, the desire to be different; to exploit new readings; to introduce recondite business and generally to play about with the superabundant pages, has become almost an obsession, to the serious detriment of one of the greatest dramatic stories ever penned. Why not let well alone?

I witnessed lately a performance needlessly encumbered, to my mind, by the senseless introduction of the dumb-show prologue to the play-scene, which, of course, made the relevant dialogue following it, an anticlimax. The suspicions of so astute a delinquent as Claudius would certainly have been fully aroused by this preliminary miming, and he would unquestionably have put a stop to the whole affair; possibly with the Danish equivalent of 'We are not amused.'

Whistler is reported to have once exclaimed, 'Why drag in Velasquez?' To many modern producers of *Hamlet* I would ask, 'Why drag in Fortinbras?' What has that extraneous individual to do with the actual story? Who cares two straws about the succession to Denmark's crown? Fortinbras has been brought on, of late, merely that *Hamlet* should be given the picturesque suggestion of a Viking funeral. Carried off on the shields of some half-dozen mailclad 'supers,' who, if they have to ascend a staircase, as when I last saw the play, are prone to give the corpse some uncanny jolts. Few will, I think, deny that 'Go, bid the soldiers shoot' is not nearly so affecting a curtain-tag as 'The rest is silence.'

When, in dating one's association with things theatrical, as actor, manager, producer, etc., the admission has to be made that like the sub-title to *Waverley*—'Tis sixty years since,' specific instances of dramatic plagiarism are sure to have come under one's observance. In New York in 1894 I saw announced at a Broadway theatre that Mr. de Wolf Hopper was producing that evening, 'for the first time on any stage,' his original musical comedy—the name has slipped my memory. I had been curious to see the renowned de Wolf Hopper, who, from time to time, was apt to give the world bold advertisement of his claims and qualities; so I paid my two dollars and awaited events. Five minutes after the curtain had risen I had an inkling that I was about to meet a very old and familiar acquaintance, and conjecture grew into certainty long before the curtain fell on the act. The gentleman sitting next to me could not restrain his enthusiasm. 'Say,' he remarked, 'this is a real peach. I guess Wolf'll sure make a "ten strike" and lift a big wad over it.'—'Sir,' I said, 'this play was written and made good in London quite twenty-five years ago.'—'You're adrift thar, stranger,' he replied, consulting his programme. 'It's the first time on any stage. I'm afraid you're prejudiced.' The slogan 'Wait and see' had not then been coined, or I might have fallen back on it, but I quietly said, 'If I tell you, sir, that the next act will take place in a girls' school; that, after that we shall have a garden with a moonlight love-scene, with the shadow on the wall of two lovers with a milk-jug between them, and that the short-sighted old "dude" leaves off dyeing his hair in the last act, will you accept my word that its origin was Tom Robertson's "School"?'—'Waal, if Wolf's work hasn't leaked out and someone put ye wise to it, I guess the drinks'll sure be on me.' And they were.

My interest in the well-known Yankee actor-author who had

so brazenly laid hands on Robertson's comedy had been evoked by hearing a story told of him, which was, I think, the neatest possible mode of letting an ungracious and exacting manager know that his tyrannical reign was ending. De Wolf Hopper, who, it may be remembered, *en passant*, had, somehow, contrived to figure so frequently in the Divorce Courts that the tale of his *ci-devant* wives had come to be generally alluded to as 'Grass-hoppers,' was, long years before, attached to one of the innumerable 'Uncle Tom' touring companies which, like Tennyson's *The Brook*, apparently 'go on for ever' throughout the United States. Playing the title-rôle for a meagre stipend, not invariably forthcoming, he, one day, received, in an obscure New England village, a wire from his New York agents apprising him that they had secured him a long and lucrative engagement with a world-known firm of 'Variety' entrepreneurs. Such glad tidings surely justified a modest celebration, if only a strictly personal one. During that night's performance he made no sign until the tense moment in the last act, in which Simon Legree, played by his manager, brutally taunts the old dying negro with the savage boast, between a hurricane of emphatic kicks, 'Ain't ye mine, ye black scum? Haven't I bought ye, body and soul?' When, struggling painfully to his knees, de Wolf Hopper made answer, 'No, no, Massa Legree, you may hab bought ma body,' then slowly pointing heavenward, 'but ma *soul* belongs to "Weber and Fields."'

Another little 'Uncle Tom' quip occurs. Peter Jackson, the negro pugilist—whose battle with Frank Slavin at the National Sporting Club is still held to have been the finest fistic encounter ever witnessed there—on his retirement from the prize-ring was induced to exploit his personality in a touring *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company. His publicity-agent persuaded one of the principal New York dramatic critics to witness his performance, and, at its conclusion eagerly asked his opinion. 'Waal,' said the great one, 'anatomically, Mr. Jackson is absolute perfection, but "Uncle Tomically" an absolute inflection.'

I was playing at Brighton with the Kendals in 1897 and along the front ran across C. W. Somerset. 'Well met in Cyprus,' quoted Charlie. 'Can you look in at the "Grand" and see my play? I feel it's a winner, but I'd like your verdict.'—'I'll be there on Thursday. I'm not in *Impulse*.'—'Right-o! Come round at the finish and let's know what you really think.' I went. The title was *The Honour of the House*, and if I could have got away quietly

I'd have welcomed the opportunity; but Trussell, the acting manager—afterwards at the London Hippodrome—bagged me at curtain-fall, and I had to 'dree my weird.' 'Well, old smug-face, what about it?' was Somerset's genial greeting as I entered his dressing-room. 'You've spent a lot of money on it, Charlie,' I said.—'I know, one has to nowadays.'—'Those St. Bernard dogs must give you a lot of trouble in every town with their varying police regulations.'—'I know, I know, but they're worth it. What about the play, old man. Is it right?'—'Well, I think if you can get 'em in, it's sure to go. It always did.'

Somerset scowled. 'What d'ye mean by it always did? Where did it always go?'

'At the Adelphi in 1867,' I said. 'They called it *No Thoroughfare* then. Charles Dickens wrote it and Charles Fechter played the part Charles Somerset is now enacting. Bit of a coincidence, eh?'

Somerset waxed furious. 'You're an old fossil,' he fumed. 'Thank God, everybody hasn't got your filthy memory. No-one's spotted it so far!'

'Is it your own money, Charlie?'

'A bit of it.'

'Well then, stick to the country, laddie; don't risk London. They've all got filthy memories there, and by the way, rechristen your chief comic. "Joey Ladle's" a sure give-away to anyone who remembers old Ben Webster.'

But I don't think *The Honour of the House* lived many weeks.

Somerset was a breezy Bohemian, but also a good actor. He learnt his job with W. H. Chippendale and his wife, and they taught him well. For years, off and on he played at the Criterion with Wyndham, and in this connection an instance of Time's whirligig bringing in its revenges may be quotable.

Wyndham, though a liberal subscriber to theatrical charities, in business never forgot the old adage that 'a penny saved is a penny gained.' Quite possibly his early experiences under Labouchere at the old Queen's in Long Acre—where he received a weekly salary of some thirty-five shillings, and Henry Irving had but three pounds—may have emphasised the childhood's precept to which he was ever faithful.

He used to come to my Birmingham theatre for a flying matinée of *David Garrick* about once a year. He always played to over £300, of which he would receive 70 per cent.—a decent afternoon's work. In arranging for one of these periodical visits I ventured a

suggestion. 'Your Garrick, Sir Charles,' I said, 'will always pull its weight in Birmingham, but I think, if you treated us all to that beautiful play *Rosemary* for a change, it would give the older bill a serviceable rest. You are, of course, inimitable as Sir Jasper, and Dorothy suits Miss Moore even better than Ada Ingot.'

'A capital idea, Graham. We'll do it.'

So that was that. But as the fixed date came within measurable distance I learnt that difficulties about *mise en scène* and *personnel* had arisen, and the suggestion was made that the play then running at the Criterion, *Captain Drew on Leave*—with a cast of about six people, all told—should be substituted. Contracts with stars of magnitude are rarely enforceable, so the change was agreed to. During the performance Miss Mary Moore asked me if the five-o'clock train, by which they were to return to London, was always punctual. I was able to reassure her. 'It's a North-Western "show" train and runs to the minute.'

After curtain-fall I went behind, with the 70 per cent. cheque, to bid Sir Charles good-bye. The dresser, answering my knock, said he was engaged for a few minutes. The door was ajar, and I heard Miss Moore's lively voice in full play. She said: 'There's no necessity to have the dining-car, Charles. Mr. Graham assures me the train gets to Euston punctually at seven. The company are not wanted at the theatre till nine, and of course, they would much prefer to have their dinners comfortably at home than a scrambling meal on the railway.'

As I entered the dressing-room Sir Charles said: 'Oh, Graham, can you get on to New Street for me? I wish you'd tell them we shan't want the dining-car I ordered this morning.'

'Well, Sir Charles, the "diner" would be put on at Wolverhampton.'

'Couldn't you stop it there?'

The cancellation was effected; but whether to the entire satisfaction of the company I cannot say.

The *sequitur* to this little incident was a tribute to Charlie Somerset's habitual blunt disregard of anything approaching sycophancy. A flying matinée of *David Garrick* was to be given at Bristol. The day before, Alfred Bishop, the Alderman Ingot, was suddenly taken seriously ill, and Somerset, who had often played the part with Wyndham, was hastily summoned.

'Can you play Ingot at Bristol to-morrow?'

'Of course, guv'nor.'

'Then that's all right. Train leaves Paddington at eleven.'

'But what about terms, guv'nor?'

'Oh, the same as before.'

'I don't think so. Then I was on the staff. This is a special engagement. They'll be—so and so.'

There was no alternative. Sir Charles reluctantly agreed.

'And,' continued breezy Charlie, 'there will be a lunch on the train for the company going down.'

'Nonsense!' said Sir Charles.

'And there will be a dinner on the train for the company coming back.' That is how the story went, from Somerset's own lips, and he was quite capable of enforcing his quixotic conditions.

An almost parallel instance of 'Borrowed Plumes' came my way at Manchester, somewhere in the nineties. Charles Arnold, the popular tenor of *My Sweetheart* and *Hans the Boatman*, had asked me to look in at the Prince's Theatre and tell him what I thought of his original musical comedy *Captain Fritz*. I looked in, and soon was fervently longing for Jack the Giant-Killer's cap of invisibility so that I might slip away unseen, but again I had to 'face the music.'

'I kept my eye on you, Graham, all through the show, and could see you were really interested,' was Arnold's greeting as I was ushered into his dressing-room. 'Of course,' he went on, 'there's nobody left in Manchester in July, but the pit and gallery simply eat it. It's "the goods" right enough; but I feel it wants a snappier title. "Captain Fritz" of course conveys nothing. Can you suggest a better?'

'Well,' I said, 'why not fall back on the original?'

Arnold gave a start. 'What d'ye mean by the original?'

'Why, when Lester Wallack wrote it he called it *Rosedale*.'

Arnold glared. 'What the —— do you know about *Rosedale*, you —— old Jonah?'

'Well, I played "The Big Pal" in Australia, as far back as 1875, from another pirated version I'm afraid. But Wallack passed in his checks long ago. And I shan't "blow the gaff." So if you've got the dates, laddie, go full steam ahead.' With which tempered benediction I gladly made my *congé*.

Poor Arnold! He fell dead while singing a song at one of the Savage Club's Saturday Night House Dinners in 1905.

He first came to England in 1883 with Minnie Palmer, who made a phenomenal success as Tina in *My Sweetheart*. The company was run by her husband, J. R. Rogers, though, for business reasons,

he for some years posed only as her manager; but their more intimate relations were fairly well known. Rogers always signed himself 'Yours merrily,' and quite possibly, is still doing so, though if to the fore he must now be nearing his centenary. Telling me of a dispute with Arnold, when they had parted company after years of close association, he wound up by saying, 'I invited the skunk to be locked in a room with me; only one of us to come out alive; but he weakened. I always knew he had a yellow streak in him.' No one knowing the parties could seriously blame Arnold for declining such a cave-dweller's challenge. Rogers at that time was a sturdy athlete, 'steel wire and hickory' all through.

Meeting him in the Strand one day, some time about 1896, I was struck by a change in his manner. 'What's up, Merrily, had a bad crossing?' for I knew he was just back from America.

'No,' he replied, 'it's another kind of sickness.'

We had instinctively, turned into the 'Coal Hole,' now the 'Occidental,' and incautiously I asked 'How's Minnie?'

He paused momentarily, and then, with a tinge of bitterness, quoted the old song-title, 'Gone with a handsomer man!'

I inwardly cursed my indiscretion, for rumours had been flying round anent a young barrister, lately turned actor.

'She's old enough to know better,' he went on, 'but that ain't the main trouble. Whenever I'm over the Pond, I've always left Minnie a full power of attorney. I called at my bank just now for my passbook. I needn't have worried. Look at it!'

A glance showed me that only the pence of the credit balance were left intact, the pounds and shillings—a good round sum—had, like the Macbeth witches, vanished into air.

Rogers grimly took back the book, saying 'The account ain't closed, ye see. I can start building it up again. I've three of N'York's smartest music "snaps" in this "grip." Gilbert Tate's given me the glad hand with Miss Melnotte at the Duke of York's. She's got just the crowd there to handle my stuff properly, and if she's got the "savvy" to catch on, I'll be in smooth water within a month.'

Some little while after I met Tate and asked him if anything had materialised.

'Yes,' he said gloomily, 'he pinched my job.'

I gathered that he had conducted 'yours merrily' up that interminable staircase leading to the business offices of the theatre, intro-

duced his client, and discreetly returned to the foyer to await results; for I've little doubt some 'foolish, trifling' item of commission hung in the balance.

The time passed slowly. The bells of St. Martin-in-the-Fields rang out their midnight chimes. One o'clock, two o'clock slipped by, with poor Gilbert half-frozen in the chilly vestibule. At length the sounds of a cheery parting, upstairs, broke the gloomy silence, and Rogers smilingly descended.

'Have you fixed anything?' eagerly enquired Tate.

'Yes, it's all O.K. From to-morrow, I'm Miss Melnotte's general manager of this theatre!'

Gilbert Tate was at one time a leading London dramatic agent, but when I first came across him in 1868 he was the junior member of a photographic firm, 'Thomson and Tate,' running a studio on a top floor in Cheapside. As a lad of seventeen I was his humble patron to the extent of a dozen cartes-de-visite, though I never recalled the fact to him when, long afterwards, I got to know him at his York Street office. His agency kept him going for many years, but when it began to 'peter out'—as dramatic agencies have a way of doing—he tried to supplement its failing returns by taking on acting-management in the evenings, an impossible blend, for both are whole-time jobs. That he who runs after two hares will catch neither is an axiom that eternally holds good. He slowly drifted downward, on an always ebbing tide. The last time we encountered was on a wet winter's night. I had been chatting with Jimmy Glover at 'the Lane,' and came across Tate sheltering in the doorway of his old York Street office. I dragged him into the 'Wellington' and tried to cheer him up, but he was very despondent.

'Don't worry, Gilbert, something'll be sure to come along. Some wealthy young lady 'star' will want taking round the country, and you're the *doyen* of that sort of thing. Didn't you exploit Lily Langtry when she first went on the road with *An Unequal Match* in 1882?'

'Yes,' said poor Gilbert, 'that's where I made my big mistake.'

'As how?' I asked.

'I ought to have made love to her!' The notion of poor little Gilbert, a scrofulous, thin-necked, pigeon-breasted mannikin, aspiring to win the smiles of the Jersey Lily, then in the hey-day of her radiant beauty, what time two English noblemen, urged by the same motive, had startled Society by coming to fisticuffs in Hyde Park, was surely a jest even Nestor would have found laughable.

With an effort I held myself in check. 'Ah, Gilbert, you never know your luck,' I said. 'Let's drink to your future conquests.'

I convoyed the poor chap back to his Fernshaw Grove lodging, where, not long afterwards, he passed away.

One evening during a discussion, at the Lotos Club, New York, on a recent revival of *Brighton* at the London Criterion, I chanced to mention that I had met the original play, *Saratoga*, in Australia and New Zealand as early as 1876. A pleasant looking man approached our little group, and smilingly addressed me.

'Excuse my butting in, sir, I happen to be the author of that play. My name is Bronson Howard, and I have no recollection of receiving any "royalties" from either of those countries. May I ask, did you actually play in it?'

'Yes, twice,' I said. 'First as Sir Mortimer Muttonhead'—a caricature of an English nobleman,—wisely deleted in the *Brighton* version—'afterwards I was Jack Benedict, a "Charles, his friend" sort of part to the hero, Bob Sackett.'

'That was *Saratoga* right enough,' said Mr. Howard, courteously adding: 'Just about then, I reckon, it was being played in no end of "way-back" towns all over the States without my being in any wise notified. Maybe some good conscience money will come along in the sweet by and by. Maybe not.'

Some years ago a big canvas booth was a permanent feature of Glasgow Green. It was never closed for 'alteration,' or 'redecorating,' like most of its more pretentious competitors, but went steadily on throughout the changing seasons, rain, hail, or shine. No performances, however, were given on Mondays. On those evenings the players, *en masse*, would be found in the gallery of one of the legitimate theatres, noting and memorising, according to each member's line of business, the various parts as rendered by the visiting company. A meeting would be held after the performance; the play discussed, the necessary 'doubles' arranged, the dialogue deftly compressed, anything actually beyond their resources eliminated, and with an exhaustive rehearsal on the morrow—plus the construction of a big hand-painted streamer for the front entrance, giving the play's identical title—Tuesday evening would find them fully prepared to show their patrons just how the 'tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral,' as the case might be, ought really to be handed over the footlights.

Not often was their open infringement of vested interests seriously challenged; but a story is extant of a Mr. Charles Dornton,

who had acquired the provincial rights of *The Two Orphans*, a powerful melodrama adapted from the French by John Oxenford, whether with or without the original author's sanction it might, perhaps, be indiscreet to 'consider too curiously.' Learning that his play was being illegally presented on Glasgow Green, Mr. Dornton forthwith sallied out to assert his lawful rights. The booth proprietor, possibly intimidated by threats of being 'assoilzied,' or 'replevined,' or whatever legal jargon might apply to the case, at once agreed to withdraw the offending placard, and Dornton returned triumphant. But on sending next day to see if his humble rival had duly kept his word, learnt to his chagrin that the drama was still being triumphantly presented under the improved title of *The Three Orphans*.

Something akin to, but on a slightly more elevated plane than the Glasgow Green Thespian temple, was the noted 'fit-up' company toured all over Ireland by the renowned Charles Cooke, a thoroughly experienced old actor, blest with an ample family of dutiful sons and daughters, who almost rendered him independent of 'outside' engagements and, in addition, cheerfully provided all the manual labour involved in erecting, striking and generally working the show. Cooke's combination went everywhere throughout the 'distressful country' and, the family being all good Catholics, received the benison of the parish priest wherever they decided their caravan should rest. This clerical approval is, of course, most helpful in Ireland, if business is to be hoped for. Mr. Cooke, through increasing years had, eventually, to surrender the 'entire lead,' but he held on resolutely to the pleasant task of thanking the audience for their 'kind patronage' after each performance, and at the same time announcing the next evening's programme. Failing memory occasionally led to little misunderstandings; but one of his daughters who combined 'walking ladies' with the duties of the prompter was always at the wing to ensure that their supporters should understand what was coming to them on the morrow. One evening the old gentleman, who sternly resented anything approaching contradiction, had given out that their next night's attraction would be *The Colleen Bawn*.

'No, no, father,' whispered his vigilant daughter, '*Leah!—Leah!*' With a petulant 'Teh,' and in a louder tone, her angered sire repeated *The Colleen Bawn*—or *The Jewish Maiden's Wrongs*, thus saving, to some extent, his parental face. At another time, having announced '*Leah*' instead of *The Colleen Bawn*, he, on being

corrected, indignantly rose to the occasion with '*Leah!*—or *The Brides of Garryowen.*'

He was a typical Irishman, a confirmed 'coat-trailer' on the subject of his country's wrongs.

'No, sir,' I once heard him declaim, 'I was never in England, but once. I was seeing a friend off from Belfast on the ould *Alligator*. We were having a noggin in the cabin, and I never heard the landing-bell go. Somehow I fell asleep, and, bedad, when I woke I found myself at Glasgow. But I never landed. That's the only time I was ever in England. Bad cess to it.'

It is probable that present-day players and playgoers may be sceptical of the phenomenal feats of memory and rapid study told of the older school of actors. From many years of 'night to night' work I can personally vouch for the astonishing capacity in these respects shown as a matter of course by every well-established stock-company with which I have been associated.

I am afraid, though, we must reject as apocryphal the yarn of the booth-actor who, in a sudden emergency, while admitting that he had never met '*Hamlet*,' professed his readiness to 'wing' the part, and having got through the first two Acts, and the '*To be or not*' soliloquy, followed by the trying '*Nunnery*' scene with Ophelia, found that he had to return almost immediately for the advice to the players. Turning to the First Actor as the scene opened he quietly remarked: 'Say, cully, this Dane talks.'

In earlier days, the actors, particularly those entrusted with a definite line of business, were usually full of resource. Through their long and varied experiences they could generally cover up any forgetfulness of the text by improvisation. To be able to 'pong' freely, even in blank verse, was almost essential to them. This quality was, from various causes, not always to be relied on. I recall an old Australian campaigner, Jack Sweeney, who, when the legitimate words refused to come, would at once decide to get off and leave the other fellows to it. He had a stock exit speech which seldom failed. It was, 'Your story, sir, has touched me deeply, I must leave you now,' getting towards the wing, 'but I hope the day is not far distant when the green flag of old Ireland will once more wave over Dublin Castle.' He was pretty sure that there would be, at least, one or two patriotic Irishmen in the gallery who would certainly start a vigorous round of applause at the revolutionary sentiment thus expressed. Anachronism mattered little to Sweeney. Whatever the period, shirt, shape, square-cut, cut-

away or modern dress, 'Dublin Castle' was ever his emergency stand-by. When chaffed about it he would retort, 'What's chronology got to do with it? Hasn't Ould Ireland been under the English heel for over eight hundred years? I'll go bail I'd get as big a round for it if I was wearing a Roman toga.'

The charge of plagiarism is easily raised—not so readily refuted. Most players and many playgoers will remember the flood of rumours instigated in envious quarters that followed the extraordinary success of Wilson Barrett's spectacular *The Sign of the Cross* at the Lyric in 1896. *Quo Vadis*, an historical novel by Sienkiewicz, was openly alleged to have been the *fons et origo* of the great 'money-maker.' Barrett's riposte was emphatic and incontrovertible. He at once sought out Sienkiewicz, proved to him the fallacy of the insinuations, and returned to England with the Author's written authority to dramatise *Quo Vadis* as a proof of the originality of his own earlier play.

The late E. S. Willard—probably better remembered as the original 'Spider' in *The Silver King*—amassed a substantial fortune by touring America with *The Cardinal*, a costume play by Louis N. Parker, in which a church dignitary, under the seal of confession, learns a murderer's secret, but cannot of course proclaim it, despite the imminent danger of an innocent party being convicted of the crime. Eventually he induces the culprit to repeat his confession in the presence of concealed witnesses—a Jesuitical solution of the impasse which made little appeal to Protestant playgoers when the big American 'winner' came to the St. James's in 1903.

It was lavishly mounted. The scenery and costumes—early Italian—made a brave show, but, like *Æneas'* tale to Dido, the play 'pleased not the million, 'twas caviare to the general.' Willard's *amour propre* would not permit its immediate withdrawal, but its reign was brief. Eventually I bought the beautiful scenery for a mere song, and utilised it in a *Cinderella* pantomime. 'To what base uses . . . ?' Anon comes along an inquisitorial inconoclast and with a long-handled shovel unearths an earlier Irish play, *The Soggarth*, having the same identical *motif* and *dénouement*.

A somewhat subdued form of piracy, more akin, perhaps, to that far humbler felony, smuggling, still obtains every Christmas with the advent of King Pantomime. Almost without exception provincial managers make the round of the principal towns as soon as their own venture has been launched. Their mission is vaguely supposed to be in search of promising talent, to be engaged for the

next, or following years; but, curiously enough, any novel and successful effect, whether in the form of 'gags,' comic business, or the handling of musical numbers, is pretty sure to be 'earmarked,' and introduced into their home productions on their return.

As the Scottish pantomime season starts a fortnight ahead of our Boxing Night, the Glasgow and Edinburgh theatres can always rely on a bevy of friendly invaders, usually paying unostentatiously at the doors, albeit their presence is almost invariably noted, and chaffingly commented on. Nobody objects, for everybody does it.

One respected Northern manager, accompanied by his lady stenographer, invariably solicited the favour of a private box at each theatre visited. Seated well at the back behind the curtained drapery, the young lady, thoughtfully provided with an electric torch, lest darkness might suddenly develop, was in a position to record faithfully any special item which her employer might think worth assimilating. No one greatly minded that, for he was a popular member of our brotherhood. When he visited Birmingham I often used to tap at the box-door, peep in and say playfully, 'It's all down in the book, Fred, and they're only sixpence.'

Disgruntled dramatic authors not infrequently allege pilferage of the choicest fragments of dialogue from their rejected manuscripts. Some have gone so far as to breathe suspicion of a shorthand-writer hidden behind a screen, when invited to read their masterpiece to an enterprising manager—which certainly sounds like nonsense. I can recall, however, a slightly analogous situation in connection with Byron's *Our Boys*, when, with Horace Lingard and his wife, we opened at Dunedin, N.Z. The usual phenomenal business ensued, and a rival management in the town determined to secure, by hook or crook, a copy of the play. To this end an out-of-work reporter was approached who, for a consideration, half down in advance, agreed to be secreted on the 'grid' of the Princess Theatre and to take down the entire dialogue. The 'business,' 'make-ups,' and 'positions' were to be watched from the front by the opposing theatre's stage-manager. Some collusion was necessary to ensure the copyist's secret entrance, and this was arranged with the door-keeper who possessed a duplicate key. A large rostrum-top was smuggled up to the flies and laid on the actual grid, some sixty feet above the stage. On this the hapless scribe had to lie prone all through the play, a few candle-ends supplying the necessary light to make his notes by. He was smuggled in long before the house opened and gained his Patmos by a Jacob's ladder from the flies.

It was impossible to release him until long after the audience had dispersed and everyone connected with the theatre, save the venal door-keeper, had left. In the pitch-dark, afraid to move, for a theatre grid is full of pitfalls, his stock of candle-ends exhausted, and what was probably even worse, his pocket-flask drained to the dregs, he lay cursing his tempters, and his own cupidity, until long after midnight, when his accomplice ventured to assist his weary bones down the ladder to the comparative safety of the fly-floor. When he confronted his nefarious employers he demanded double the agreed price of his services and, on being refused, counted out half his sheets of 'flimsy' and saying, 'I've been paid for the half of what I've done, and you're welcome to it,' tore the remaining flimsies into fragments and stalked indignantly away. Of course the affair leaked out, the bribed door-keeper lost his job and the competing management had the additional chagrin of afterwards learning that by only waiting for a few weeks they could have obtained a printed copy of the play from French's agent in Princes Street for a shilling.

One eminent dramatic author had a strange propensity for plagiarising his own works, such of them, that is, as had originally 'failed to attract' and what is perhaps more remarkable, usually induced some complaisant manager to accord his somewhat disparaged wares another opportunity of securing a popular verdict.

Mr. Sydney Grundy—a great writer, but one ever impatient of correction—seemed always to have in mind the youthful Disraeli's defiant 'The time will come when you *shall* hear me.' In his frequent disputes with the London critics he closely followed the precedent set by the 'certain courtier' who so consistently resented Touchstone's disapproval of his tonsorial arrangement. Did they presume to observe that his *Hare and Hounds* was not well written, Mr. Grundy was 'in the mind that it was'; and in course of time Sir Charles Hawtrey would reproduce it, disguised as *Merry Margate*. If again they said, *The Mousetrap* was not well written, Mr. Grundy would say he wrote it 'to please himself,' and Sir John Hare would forthwith present *A Fool's Paradise*. If again they said *Mammon* was not well written, he 'disabled their judgment,' and Sir Herbert Tree would blossom forth with *A Bunch of Violets*. If again they said *The Novel Reader* was not well written, he would answer 'they spake not true' and, first Sir Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, and subsequently Sir Charles Hawtrey at the Comedy, would bring it forward again as *May and December*. When they fell foul of *An*

Old Jew, they were plainly told 'they lied' and the play 'bobbed up serenely' once more as *Julius Sterne*, and was again accepted by Sir John Hare.

Those were the days 'When Knights were Bold' indeed. Every knight of them, though reckoned a good man of business, and certainly of great experience, seemed to ignore the patent fact that the original censors would again sit in judgment, and were not likely to stultify themselves by admitting that their first opinions had been mistaken ones.

I put this view of the situation before Hare when, in 1905, he asked what I thought would be the probable reception of *Julius Sterne* in London. It was a palpable jar to his evident desire to have another 'go' with the play, but after a couple of days' consideration he told me he felt my conclusion was correct and had abandoned the idea.

No plagiarist ever openly admits his delinquency. And, after all, does it greatly matter? The shrewd 'publicity agent' of the present day possibly welcomes the imitative intrusion of another writer, if it can be so manipulated as to secure additional *réclame* for his principal.

The tardy tightening up of the law of Copyright has at least put a check on the wholesale exploitation of contemporary novelists. The 'old brigade' were, of course, at the mercy of both direct or plagiaristic adaptors. Hence the plethora of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, etc., companies on the road in the 'eighties. 'Ouida' was undoubtedly a lifelong sufferer. I fancy one of her earlier books, *Idalia*, was produced by 'the beautiful Miss Herbert' at the St. James's as far back as 1868, and *Under Two Flags*—usually re-christened *Cigarette*—was for many years almost in continual evidence throughout the provinces.

The innate probability of puerile imitation to which the published works of great poets, playwrights, and indeed all authors of established reputation have ever been exposed was, I thought, happily hit off some sixty-five years ago by a writer in *Chambers's Journal*—which recently celebrated its successful centenary—who commenced a plagiarised version of Burns's Bacchanalian ballad with—

'O! Thomas mull'd a jug of ale
And John and William came to taste it.'

We learn, on the highest authority, that the 'poor' will always be with us. So, unquestionably, will the plagiarist.

VOX POPULI.

BY THE HON. JAMES BEST, O.B.E.

THE Montagu-Chelmsford constitutional reforms introduced political changes in India, involving popular representation in its Government, which the country had never before known. It can easily be understood that in the more remote districts of so conservative a country, the new franchise should have been made use of as a chance for exercising that spirit of intrigue which is the principal diversion in Indian village life. This opportunity the people of Pipalgaon took, as my story will show.

The inhabitants of Pipalgaon village could be divided into three main groups. The Hindus, mostly of high caste, many of them connected with the priesthood; the Mohammedans, whom the Hindus hated as eaters of beef, and who in return scorned the Hindus as idolaters; and, finally, there were the untouchable pariahs who formed a despised third of the village population. Indeed, the high-caste Hindus felt themselves to be so contaminated even by the thought of such basely born creatures that the pariahs were compelled to live in mean huts apart from them. From the Moslems they received good-natured tolerance as men with no hope of Paradise, living vainly in the prospect of a future existence to which it was said that they would take their low caste with them.

Whatever their neighbours thought of them socially and religiously, these unfortunates had their uses. The Moslems favoured them because by their presence they annoyed the high-caste Hindus, while both parties realised that there are certain mean jobs to be done without which refined folk must live in discomfort. Let the low-caste pariahs do the work then. Shoes are a necessity, then let the Chamar make them for those moving in higher-placed circles.

One of the advantages of the water-tight Indian caste system is that every man knows his place. Before he is born his social position is definitely fixed by laws more firmly established than those of the Medes and Persians. We laugh at the rules of precedence published in the Indian civil lists studied more carefully than their Bibles by many people who ought to know better. We

laugh still more when some unfortunate official is compelled by his wife to make a formal complaint because she was sent into dinner behind the wife of someone else, whose husband is a junior, but happens to be officiating in a slightly more important job. Indeed, there is so much in India that is sad, that it is only right that a paternal Government should provide scope for merriment by its complicated rules of precedence. The civil list, however, is as india-rubber compared with the iron caste system of the Hindus.

It is very definitely laid down by custom going back for thousands of years exactly who may dine with whom in the Hindu world, who may cook for others and who may draw water without polluting the well. None may move outside the social and religious circle in which he is born. Thus the community is saved the bother of dealing with those ambitious climbers who are known sometimes to inflict themselves on the European social system.

In spite of these very definitely accepted social and religious rules, or perhaps because of them, feeling ran high in the village between the Hindus and Moslems of Pipalgaon. This ancient feud extends to most parts of India where the members of the two religions live together. Numerically, and possibly intellectually, the Hindus are the stronger party. The Mohammedans, on the other hand, perhaps because they are the later arrivals in the country, are built of sterner stuff than the gentle Hindus. Their grievance appears to be that they conquered the Hindus first and gave India the Mogul emperors who made the country famous. Later the British took the place of the Mogul Empire. That to the stalwart Mussulman was logically sound and in order, but, and here the snag comes. 'Why,' say they, 'should the conquering British hand the country over to the twice-conquered Hindus to rule over us?'

Such an argument seems to be reasonable except to the Hindus.

Whichever side one takes (if a side must be taken), it is possible to see both points of view and to laugh with whichever party scores a temporary success against the other.

While the Mohammedans of Pipalgaon under their leader Karim took every opportunity of showing their contempt for the idolatrous Hindus, the latter affected almost as lofty a disregard for the Moslems as for the untouchable pariahs who lived outside the fashionable quarters of the village.

It can be well understood that the two sides were in a con-

tinual state of pending warfare which would break into open hostilities, were it not for the fear of the police controlled by British officers as careless of their differences as was Gallio.

It naturally followed when the careful deliberations of great men had materialised in the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, that their influence should filter down to Pipalgaon. Curiously enough, although a comparatively small place, Pipalgaon was made the centre of an electoral division returning a member for the Legislative Council. Heaven knows why so small a place should have been chosen. Satan, who is generally credited with a sense of humour, probably took a hand; if so, the result did him credit.

Serious conferences were held in the capital of the Province which resulted in minute orders being sent to the Districts to ensure the smooth running of the electoral machinery, and in harassed members of the Secretariat being more secretarially mysterious than ever. Finally, instructions filtered down through the Commissioners to the Deputy Commissioners of the Districts, who passed them on to the tehsildars through the various Babus in the offices.

One can almost see that circular letter as it arrived in its virginal neatness at the District office. The head clerk opens the envelope, and having satisfied his curiosity, writes at the bottom below the illegible signature of the Commissioner:

'Second clerk—For action.'

The second clerk writes: 'Third clerk do the needful.'

The third clerk writes: 'To record keeper.'

The record keeper writes the register number and the file number of the letter on the first page, ties it with red tape to other papers supported with stout cardboard, and sends it back to the third clerk who sends it to the second clerk who forwards it to the head clerk. Each Babu makes a little note somewhere on the paper to show that it has been through his department, so that by the time it reaches the Deputy Commissioner, to whom it was originally addressed, the letter is covered with scrawls in all hands at all angles.

Hardy, the Deputy Commissioner of Blastedpur, was a conscientious officer who took every opportunity of instructing the electorate on how the machinery of the franchise would work; Pipalgaon, as a possible storm centre, engaging his special attention.

So we find him camped under the mango-trees outside the village interviewing the more important citizens of the neighbour-

hood, the good Karim, grey-bearded leader of the Mohammedans, taking special instruction on how his followers should be taught to vote.

'It is quite simple,' said Hardy. 'Suppose that three or four electors, duly qualified by the taxes that they pay or their holding in property, decide that Mr. X is a suitable candidate to represent their views; then Mr. X must ask them to sign these nomination papers, which should be handed in to the returning officer on nomination day. When this has been done Mr. X will be permitted to stand for election.'

'Is this Mr. X a Brahmin?' asked Karim suspiciously.

'No, no, not necessarily. Nobody in particular. Or rather, anyone that you may choose.'

'Certainly not a Brahmin,' interrupted Karim.

'Quite so,' said Hardy as he tried to think of a more simple way of explaining the procedure. 'Let us suppose that you wish to stand yourself.'

'I must read the Koran first,' said the pious Mohammedan; 'perhaps like strong drink and other abominations, it is forbidden the faithful by the Prophet.'

'No,' said Hardy, 'I know the Book well, and it is not forbidden; many pious Mussulmans practise the habit of voting.'

'Good,' said the careful Karim. 'Your honour said something about taxpayers. Does this mean that those who vote must pay more taxes? God knows that we already pay enough.'

'No, it has nothing to do with the collection of taxes. Without doubt, your member, when returned, will have much to say regarding the future taxation of the country.'

'But these voting papers,' asked Karim, 'I understand your honour to say will be given only to those who pay taxes in some form or other whatever their caste or station in life?'

'That is so,' said Hardy, as he wondered what the old man was trying to get at.

'I think I understand,' concluded Karim as he took his permission to depart.

Making his way homewards along the dusty street, Karim did some hard thinking. This affair of voting seemed to be foolish, if not flippant. Although not forbidden in the Scriptures—and he had no reason to doubt the Deputy Commissioner's ruling on their interpretation—he could recall no word of the Prophet commending it to the Faithful as an act of merit.

So far as he knew, there was no mention of the subject in the Book.

Almost fanatic in his zeal for the Faith, Karim felt that he had a special call to work the discomfiture of the infidels who formed the bulk of his neighbours in the village, more particularly those of the higher priestly castes whose business it was to encourage the practice of idolatry expressly forbidden by Allah through the mouth of His Prophet Mohammed. Indeed, there was nothing that the grey-bearded old firebrand would like better than a war of extermination against such transgressors. Law and order forbade anything of the sort by severe penalties, even if the vastly superior numbers of the Hindus in the village allowed it. Could he make use of this voting, introduced by the foreign British, to bring distress to the infidels? Unfortunately, he thought, the idolaters would have the vote too, and with their superior numbers might use this new weapon to the disadvantage of the faithful. Of course, it might be a new and special kind of curse sent by the will of Allah for confounding the infidels!

The old man was perplexed, and opposite the lowly dwellings of some leather-workers he paused in his stride to think the better. Looking around at the houses of the despised pariahs, he had an inspiration; then muttering thanks to God and His Prophet he passed on his way.

When the old man reached his home he explained to the Faithful exactly what this voting business meant—and a great deal more.

The Mohammedans were determined on one point, which was that the saintly Sitaram, leader of the Hindus, should not represent Pipalgaon constituency in the Legislative Council. The airs of the man raised to such a position would, they said, be intolerable. Some way had to be found of preventing so great a disaster, and they felt that their trusted leader Karim would, with the help of Allah and His Prophet, show them how to confound the infidels. Had he not done so before?

The Mussulman is a man of profound belief in the ability of the Almighty to assist the Faithful, and is prepared to go to almost any length in carrying out what he thinks to be the will of God.

The hour of sunset approached. Karim, facing the pink-roofed houses of the village and looking over the cluster of pineapple-shaped temples where the Hindus worshipped their scarlet-daubed images, raised his beautiful tenor voice in a long wavering

call which reminded the Faithful that God is great, that Mohammed is His Prophet, and that the hour of prayer has come. The call echoed over the roofs in the still evening air where the smoke from the fires hung lazily over the rose-tinted village; a call that once heard is seldom forgotten. The summons ended in a slightly higher note of beautiful quality which he carried through with the last breath in his powerful lungs. Turning towards the golden ball of the sun, fast setting behind the distant jungle-clad hills, he faced the direction of Mecca and the holy places. Reverently he knelt in prayer and prostrated himself in humility, then rising with arms upheld to Heaven in supplication, he touched his hands upon his bosom and bowed again and again; kneeling in humility he touched the ground with his forehead, muttering his prayers the while. His fellow-worshippers moved in unison, raising their arms or bowing to the earth together.

If earnestness and simple faith are the measures of piety, then the followers of the Prophet stand supreme.

Refreshed by prayer, the good Moslems resumed their council.

Karim, remembering that only those who paid taxes would have votes and having no wish to be returned himself, was prepared to let the chances of the Mohammedans go so long as Sitaram, their rival, could be frustrated. He knew that the Hindus could easily outvote the Faithful, so he thought of a way not only of bringing the infidels to defeat but to shame in the eyes of their world.

There followed a whispered consultation, while Karim explained his plan. When the Faithful were returning to their homes Karim chuckled joyfully.

'Truly God is great,' he said fervently, adding 'and Mohammed is his Prophet.'

It is doubtful if there is any land where the art of lying and bearing false witness is carried to a higher standard of art than in India. Considering this it seems astonishing that the people of the country are so easily deceived. Apparently they will believe and magnify any rumour no matter how improbable, more particularly if it is of an alarmist nature, a fact of which those who preach disaffection against the Government take full advantage. False bazaar rumours had a great deal to do with the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, and many a harassed District official has since had much the same trouble to contend with. Even now Hardy, the Deputy Commissioner of Blastedpur, was worried by professional agitators, Hindu and Moslem, who, temporarily united

against the Government, were preaching 'non-co-operation' in the forthcoming elections. They shouted 'Swaraj' and hatred of the foreigner, telling their listeners not to vote for anyone—thus bringing the English and their reforms to ridicule.

'Are the Hindus and Mohammedans divided?' they shrieked.

'No. All are united against the foreign oppressors. See!' cried an excited Hindu agitator to a bazaar mob, 'See! Here is one of our Mohammedan brothers standing with us in the great cause of India's freedom.'

The crowd listened and believed, more, they went away to spread the rumour that the Sahibs were leaving the country and that there would be no more taxes.

But the Hindus and Moslems of Pipalgaon were taking no chances, each side thinking that the other would try to steal a march on them; moreover, Karim suspected that Swaraj meant Hindu Raj, which was not to be tolerated on any account. So, although the agitators succeeded in their efforts far away from the village, the folk of Pipalgaon were determined to put up their own candidates and to support them.

Karim and his council of the elders had reckoned on this, and like the Hindus, made their plans accordingly.

The weekly bazaar in the village is a big affair, Pipalgaon being the centre of a prosperous agricultural district. Early in the morning, produce to supply the wants of the people is brought in from every direction in bullock-carts and on pack animals, but mainly in headloads or on bamboo yokes that swing with each movement of the bearer's body. By eight o'clock both sides of the village street and the open space of the market square shadowed by the shivering pipal-tree were packed with lines of wares. Grain, pulse, chillies, potatoes, onions, mangos, lemons, oranges, sugar, sweetmeats, betel-nut and the thousand and one other requirements of the housewife. Flies crawled lazily over the more dainty wares; dust combined with the smell of hot humanity clung to the noisy perspiring crowd. It was the meeting-place of all the more important landowners and cultivators in the neighbourhood. To-day, they were there in greater numbers than usual; come to hear the latest rumours regarding the General Election. Here indeed was good soil well manured and cultivated to the finest tilth for the sowing of the seeds of suspicion.

The artful Karim wasted no time and set about his business craftily. He knew better than to start a rumour with one of the

Pipalgaon villagers that could be traced to his lips. He saw approaching him a Hindu landlord from a neighbouring village with whom he was in friendly relations, a man of some influence who could be relied upon to give rumour a good start.

'Salaam, Oh Pandit,' he said in greeting.

'Salaam,' replied the Hindu, raising his hand in salute.

At first they discussed the crops, later the conversation turned to the General Election and the question of whether any candidate could be found in disagreement with the non-co-operators.

'Without doubt, Pandit Ji, what I have to say to you will be treated in confidence as between friends and not allowed to go too far? I am a law-abiding man with no wish to get into trouble with the Sahibs.'

'I can be discreet,' replied the Hindu.

'Good,' said Karim, lowering his voice to the conspirator's undertone. 'It chanced that I spoke to the Deputy Commissioner Sahib, about this same election and its real meaning. Hearing that certain speakers from Hindustan are now touring the District and warning all and sundry that they should not vote, I questioned the Deputy Commissioner closely. He spoke freely to me and answered my questions well. It surprises me that the Government can employ such simple people in the art of ruling. It is the fact, so the Sahib told me, that only those who pay taxes will be asked to vote. First, some taxpayers must sign certain papers, later those that vote must make their marks on other papers.'

Karim glanced round and lowered his voice to a whisper.

'I have information from a relation of my cousin that is employed in the Secretariat, that this signing of papers—confined mark you, to the taxpayers only—is but another trick of the Government to find means to raise the taxes. If this were not so, why are not all the people asked to vote? I shall sign no paper. Let others do so and have their taxes raised. Truly did the speakers sent from the Congress say that the British are treacherous. I speak to you, of course, as a friend.'

'It is well that you have told me,' said the Hindu as he prepared to go. 'Salaam, Oh follower of the Prophet.'

Parting, the two men mixed with the crowd. Others were busy with the same story. Soon the rumour was all over the bazaar that the election was a trick by which the Government would get more taxes out of the people. Within twenty-four hours, there was not a man in the neighbourhood willing to

risk a vote, and apparently none ready to sign a nomination paper.

The day before nomination day, the pious Karim passed through the village and out beyond to where one Khunti Chamar—a humble tanner—had his dwelling and plied his trade. Karim had often done business with this man, and now went to see him about some saddlery that needed repair. Naturally they talked about current events.

Socially of course, Khunti was outside Karim's circle. In the eyes of Sitaram, Khunti did not exist except as something unspeakably unclean in this world and the next; the very thought of such a man filling the Hindu with horror. Despite his low caste, Khunti was an industrious man who, having succeeded in keeping clear of the money-lenders, had been able to save enough to buy a portion of land; which meant of course that he paid land revenue, and was therefore entitled to vote. There were others of his caste who had done equally well for themselves.

Karim knew that Khunti disliked the proud Sitaram as much as he did.

After a lengthy conversation in which Karim assured the Chamar by a fierce oath backed by secret information from his connection in the Secretariat that there was no intention of Government to tax the voters, and that the thing called democracy, now being introduced by the Government, was merely a new sort of caste system by which all men should be equal, Khunti left his evil-smelling skins to seek some of the more well-to-do of his caste fellows, while Karim walked thoughtfully back to his home through the village street. He seemed to be more than usually pleased with himself.

That evening, after prayers and thanks to God and His Prophet, he reported progress to his fellow-Mohammedans.

Nomination day was dull, lacking any popular excitement. The officer whose duty it was to receive nominations waited patiently in his temporary office. The supporters of the Mohammedan candidate were strangely listless on so important a day when it was of vital importance to prevent the hated Hindu from being returned. Warned by previous factional riots in the village, a squad of blue-uniformed police stood at ease in the shade outside the office. But, despite the fact that twelve noon was the latest hour at which nomination papers could be accepted, no one had so far turned up. The returning officer glanced at the clock. Five

minutes to twelve. Apparently the efforts of the non-co-operators were going to succeed : or, was the apathy of the voters due to the rumour that had got round the country that the invitation to vote was merely a trap on the part of Government to single out voters for more taxation ?

A group of Chamars was approaching the office along the village street. Their clothing was as humble as their station of life, each man wearing no more than the loin-cloth in which he worked for his living. With feet shod in the stout shoes of their own making, they approached the returning officer, not in the mean way that one would expect the outcast to show, but with swinging shoulders, heads high and a bright look in the eye.

The seeds of democracy had germinated in good soil !

As they passed a group of high-caste non-co-operators who stood near the office waiting for the culmination of the election fiasco, the twice born shrank back from the loathsome pariahs. Khunti salaamed to the returning officer.

'Am I too late ?' he said.

'What for ?' asked the returning officer.

'These papers,' said the Chamar, as he handed over a bundle of nomination papers.

'You are in time,' replied the astonished officer, looking the papers through while the clock struck twelve.

A few minutes later, Sitaram hurried up with some hastily prepared papers. He was too late : a fact to which some Mohammedans who strolled up called all to witness, including the police, who now stood ready to deal with any disturbances.

Thus was Khunti, the despised Chamar, returned unopposed as the first representative of Pipalgaon in the new Legislative Council, and in this way did Sitaram become the laughing-stock of rude Mussulmans.

Shortly afterwards, when all the members had been elected from the constituencies, the first democratic Council of the Province was opened in the Capital with great state by His Excellency the Governor. Preparations on a grand scale were made to signalise this historic occasion, His Excellency marking it with his well-known lavish hospitality. For days the gardeners at Government House were busy with an army of coolies giving a finishing touch to the exalted premises : two large marquees were erected, one for refreshment, the other for the accommodation of members where His Excellency would address them. As the great

day approached, anxious A.D.C.'s held low-toned consultations over the positions of chairs and the places for tables, where His Excellency would walk so that the local Press could report that His Excellency mixed freely with the people: and where Her Excellency should stand.' All these were very serious matters not to be decided upon without careful thought. As for the order of the seating accommodation inside the marquee, this required the most earnest consideration. The new members of Council must of course be placed in front, but in what order? Princes they knew, Rajahs they had heard of, but who were these? Men of position of course in their own districts, but here at Government House they were far outside the scope of any published precedence list. Heaven knows what trouble lay before the wretched A.D.C.'s! The wives of officials, hitherto their main source of worry, were bad enough, but the trouble that the A.D.C.'s saw ahead of them now was too dreadful to contemplate. The Chief Secretary found them looking very harassed. Men of tidy soldierly habits like to see the state machinery run smoothly, especially so when they are responsible for it. Also, they were very frightened of His Excellency.

The Chief Secretary summed up the programme as follows:

'The Members will arrive at 3 p.m. and will wait over there beneath the mango-trees until His Excellency arrives at about 3.10. His appearance will be signalled by the band playing "God Save The King." His Excellency will stand with bared head until the National Anthem is finished. The Members of Council must then move over to this marquee, taking their seats, as will the higher officials and their wives. When His Excellency is informed that all is ready, he will walk over to the raised platform in the marquee. On his arrival everyone must rise from his seat. After His Excellency has graciously requested his guests to be seated, he will give his address. In conclusion he will shake hands with each member of Council before proceeding to the tea tent.'

'That seems to be fairly simple,' said one of the A.D.C.'s, 'what we have to look out for are possible hitches?'

'There should be none,' replied the Chief Secretary loftily as he looked round on the scene of growing splendour.

From early morning the great day was one of continual bustle and worry to the harassed A.D.C.'s. A cordon of police was drawn round the precincts of Government House so that none but those authorised might enter. Later a guard marched up over the gravel

drive with much tramping of heavy boots. The guests rolled up from 2.30 onwards and according to programme were parked beneath the mango-trees. Grouped there in their many-hued garments, they made a gay picture against the dark foliage. Practically all the new members were men of position and exalted caste. 'Hardly representative of democracy!' thought one of the A.D.C.'s.

There were Mahrattas, Rajputs, Brahmins, Mohammedans and, in fact, members of most of the well-to-do branches of the community.

A small squad of police under a sergeant was on duty at the lodge to prevent the entry of gate-crashers. With some amusement they watched a humble Chamar as he walked briskly up the road towards the lodge.

'Clearly a coolie, come to do something or other in the garden,' said the sergeant. 'Anyway he can't get in now.'

The man approached, dressed in a not-too-wide loin-cloth.

He was abruptly stopped by the police.

'No entry!' said the sergeant, 'you can't work here now. If you have a message, leave it. Clear out!' he finished abruptly.

The man fumbled in the back of his loin-cloth, while the sergeant waited to see for whom the letter might be addressed. The envelope bore the Government House crest. The sergeant read the address:

KHUNTI CHAMAR,
Member of Council.

Turning to the coolie he said:

'I will have this message sent.'

'It is no message,' said Khunti, 'I am Khunti and this is my invitation to the Durbar. I wish to enter.'

The amazed sergeant let the man through while he sent one of the constables with a hurried message to an A.D.C.

'I knew that there would be a hitch somewhere,' said the unfortunate soldier as he looked at the Chamar approaching in the full nakedness of his working apparel.

'Stop!' cried the horrified A.D.C. 'Stop! You cannot go in like that.'

One A.D.C. held parley with the apparition while the other dashed into his quarters, returning quickly with an old burberry waterproof.

'Here you are,' said the budding Napoleon, 'put on this robe of office.'

Thus was covered the nakedness of the tanner and discovered a great diplomat.

Khunti's arrival at the back of the marquee was a masterful piece of work barely noticed, since all eyes were directed towards His Excellency who was in the middle of his oration. The A.D.C.'s were trying to think of a way of getting rid of the man without attracting attention after the speech-making. The speech was a wonderful piece of composition—the result of much careful work. Having welcomed the members of the first popularly elected Council despite the efforts of those who wished the reforms ill, His Excellency held forth on the subject of the new democracy which was destined to guide India's future; he touched lightly on the meaning of true democracy, saying that in his view all men were born equal; with which fundamental truth before them there could be no obstacle to India following in the glorious footsteps of Western civilisation. The applause at this point was well bred and restrained. Many present were all in favour of democracy as political equality between the upper classes and Europeans. Liberty and equality were all right and excellent election cries so long as they were in the hearers' favour, but the idea of giving that same equality at some near date to the untouchable outcasts, who formed the bulk of the population in the Province, was too dreadful to be considered.

The Governor concluded his fine oration, stepping down from the dais to the common level of his audience, he then shook hands with the Members of Council. In spite of the tactful efforts of the A.D.C.'s, Khunti stepped forward in his burberry coat and was introduced, His Excellency showing his greatness by shaking him warmly by the hand. The other members watched in horror. It seemed to His Excellency to be a heaven-sent opportunity of showing off the true modern spirit to his listeners. He spoke affably to Khunti for a longer period than that usually allowed to those presented, while the A.D.C.'s impatiently waited with the next member to be introduced. After a final shake of the hand Khunti passed on to his fellow-members.

Then the pariah took the great revenge on those of the higher castes who for hundreds of generations had treated the members of his tribe as dirt. Here they were, these superior persons, massed in the sacred name of democracy with his Excellency's

clarion call of equality still ringing in their ears. The Governor was puzzled. Not so Khunti. In full view of His Excellency he approached a leading Brahmin well known for his offensive exclusiveness.

'His Excellency,' he said with an unctuous smile, 'spoke great words of wisdom and comfort for our country.'

He held out his hand. The Governor stared. So did the Brahmin. Then feeling the influence of His Excellency, the high-caste man felt compelled to put his hand forward. It was quickly grasped by the low-caste Chamar. What a moment for him! Never before had a Brahmin so much as noticed him. Nor would such a chance occur again. One after the other the shuddering high-caste Hindus shook hands with the unclean pariah. All were outcasted and knew that they could be received back into their caste circles only after sorrow and expense. Rumour was current that Khunti went further in his mischievous work, walking round the tea tent and touching each plate of food so that those eating from them would be utterly out-casted. Whether this was so or not, no writer with any feeling for the truth would venture to place it on record without more foundation than a common rumour.

This we know, that when Khunti returned to Pipalgaon and made report to his caste fellows there was much rejoicing.

As for the good Moslems, they openly sympathised with the saintly Sitaram and his fellow-Hindus at their shame on being represented by so low a person as Khunti. Perhaps there was a sly twinkle in the eye as they spoke the kind words.

The pious Karim, simple soul, accepts all happenings as the will of God and now gave special thanks to Him and His Prophet Mohammed for the discomfort wrought by his humble efforts amongst the infidels.

'DADDY-LONG-LEG DAYS.'

BY GWEN WARREN.

'How far is it to the loch?'

The old postmaster in the village post office barely raised his eyes to answer our eager question. He was filling in flimsy forms with a scratchy old pen dipped in a penny ink-bottle.

'Tis five *statchute* miles,' he said presently; then his eyes fell on the fishing-gear tied on to the car outside the door and a thought struck him. 'If ye are the fishing party that's taken Knockeen Island the charge for deliverings telygrams to Lynch's house on the mainland is two shillin's, an' the mail man does go down with the letters on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.'

'Is that so?' asked Tone politely.

'Tis,' he said briefly and drove his pen into the ink.

It seemed a wise and economical act for us to buy a packet of postcards there and then and distribute them among our family circle, warning them not to send telegrams unless we won a sweepstake or had to attend a funeral.

The 'five *statchute* miles' that stretched from the village to the nearest point for the island which we had rented for a month's fishing were long and bendy ones.

They led past fields divided and subdivided into tiny holdings by walls of grey Galway stone, by a heathery bog where stacks of turf were drying, and harebells nodded, past a chapel and a pink square house where the priest lived, by snug farms, and a small general shop of the kind peculiar to Irish country towns; with pigs' cheeks and rosary beads side by side on the counter.

A cute-looking woman with a golden fringe caged in a hair-net watched us go by with curiosity written all over her face. We learnt afterwards that her cuteness in selling poteen led her to jail not long before.

Rounding a corner we caught a brief tantalising glimpse of Loch Corrib—and the dance of the sun on the water made our hearts thrill so that the baby car, infected by our excitement, pranced about the road like a frisky mare till the wireless, the suitcases, the pots of loganberry jelly, side of bacon and sections of honey which were crammed in the back seat threatened to crash together in one glorious omelette.

The curlews were crying softly in the distance when we reached John Lynch's thatched farmhouse at the margin of the lake. The sound made my thoughts wander for a moment 'ghostlike through the haunts of my childhood' when they used to cry like that across the Kerry sand-dunes and I firmly believed they were calling me by name.

The water of the lake was as blue and still as the sky above us and the evening sun shone on the red roof of our island home half a mile or so away to the west.

My pen cannot describe the beauty that is Corrib, or tell of the tender charm of the great lake and the distant plum-blue hills, or the spell they threw over us both. Enough to say that when we sat in John Lynch's boat with the gear bestowed in the bow, and he rowed us quietly across the placid water towards the lovely wooded island we were perfectly happy and deeply conscious of the beauty all around us.

Drinking in great draughts of the soft, damp air, we were filled with a deep sense of that 'inward contemplation' which Izaak Walton declares is the especial joy of anglers.

Having no wish to waste precious days of leave 'pot-walloping' in the kitchen, I had written home from Baghdad to a friend asking her to secure me a good maid. Someone middle-aged and sensible, I stipulated, not a sort of girl that gets herself strangled in woods, and not an old stager with legs like an ageing hunter that swell up after a little work.

The outcome of the correspondence was a woman called Mrs. O'Brien and her son Jack, aged fifteen. 'She is pleasantly odd,' reported my friend, 'owing to living in Ireland during the troubled times—and her son is able to do "between-maid's" work.'

The pair were already installed in the house with instructions to have everything ready when we arrived.

As soon as the boat was made fast at the little stone pier on the island we jumped out and hurried up a wooded path all excitement to see the house, afraid to expect too much, yet hoping it might prove all we expected it to be when planning this wonderful leave under far-distant Asian skies.

We saw a charming little house with a red roof and casement windows, surrounded by a flower garden and apple-trees, and well shielded from the wind by the thick belt of firs and ash-trees that encircled the twenty-acre island. A stumpy little woman in tan

sandals ran out of the back door to meet us, smiling and bowing almost down to the ground, while the 'between-maid' lurked in the doorway, shy and awkward, with bony red wrists showing inches below his outgrown sleeves.

'Mrs. W—— I presume?' she enquired, making me feel like Dr. Livingstone. 'Welcome, madam, welcome,' she went on, when satisfied as to our identity. 'Jack and I have everything ready for you, I'm sure you must be tired, madam, after your long journey, and his Reverence too, oh, I beg pardon! I mean the Major—but I'm so used to being with reverend gentlemen I get confused—oh, the military gentlemen are *beautiful*, madam.' She dropped her voice to a hissing whisper and threw a couple of furtive looks into the blackberry-hedge on one side, and a rose-bush on the other.

'What do you think of the situation in Ireland now, is there any chance of a rebellion breaking out? Oh, I think we'd all better get away to England before we're murdered in our beds. Come in, madam' (here her voice rose to normal again), 'the kettle is boiling and your tea is ready.'

Indoors all was comfort and homeliness. Fires blazed and kettles boiled and hot-water bottles made mounds in the beds. For tea there was hot soda bread, barm brack and seed cake, and eating it we decided Mrs. O'Brien was a jewel, for what can compare with a warm welcome and delicious tea?

After a short rest she showed us round the house and proudly pointed out a fretwork cage with two canaries, a hen and six chickens, two bicycles, three large trunks of the old-fashioned variety known as 'dress-basket,' a set of medical books and a photo of herself in evening dress taken in Dresden, without any of which she never stirred. 'Not even for a week, madam.'

Then we settled down to discuss the serious subject of fishing with John Lynch.

John Lynch was a grand man. He had foxy hair, shrewd blue eyes and he knew Loch Corrib from end to end. For a moderate weekly sum he agreed to be our tutor, boatman and guide until we had gained some experience in lake fishing. On rivers Tone could kill fish with the best, but this was our first experience on a lake. He highly approved of the rods and gear and did not smile at our eagerness to kill big fish for which we blessed him and made arrangements to start next morning after breakfast.

He pointed out, however, that we still lacked one very important item. We had no Daddy-long-legs to use as bait, and moreover

they were terribly scarce, 'the rain has 'em all destroyed,' he explained, 'but we'll catch a few in the morning maybe after the sun warms up.'

Next morning the wind blew in from the lake, bringing the rain with it, but only the soft drizzling rain of Western Ireland that nobody minded except the Daddies who refused to leave their lairs.

John showed us how to search for them, stooping down with hands on knees and peering among nettles and brambles with an expectant expression on his face. Now and then he made a pounce at a dim fluttering wraith, then first pinching its head 'to make it dozy,' he crammed the captive into a cardboard box with a hinged aperture cut in the lid especially for accommodating Daddies.

Life has an added curse, I thought, after half an hour's fruitless pouncings with prickles stuck deep in every finger and nettle stings rising like hillocks on my wrists.

'Can't we get the school children to catch Daddies for us?'

'Shure you can, ma'am, if you like,' said John, 'the young crippled lad there above at the Cross sells 'em to the fishing gentlemen for a pence a piece. 'Tis a terrible price, but if any other lad tries to sell 'em cheaper he raises the crutch to 'em an' they're in dread of their lives. They're verra' scarce this morning, ma'am, but maybe we have enough to go on with.'

So the fishing-rods, lunch basket and coats were carried down to the boat by the 'between-maid' and we pushed away from the pier.

There is an enormous amount of carrying connected with lake fishing plus living on an island. We seemed to spend a great amount of time carrying things in and out of boats, but it was all part of the fun.

John rowed us across to a bay near his home which he said was the best spot of all Loch Corrib's sixty-eight square miles of water, and instructed us in the gentle art of dapping. He showed us how to cram the poor Daddie on the hook and how to keep the boat drifting broadside down with the wind. Under his expert guidance it was not hard to manage the big dapping rod and keep the daddies delicately dancing on the waves and after that things happened astonishingly quickly.

Suddenly there was a swirl, a sucking sound, a gleam of silver. 'In him!' Tone shouted triumphantly, and a tense ten minutes followed while he played a fine two-pounder.

I am not 'up' enough in fishing parlance to describe that fight, but it was terribly exciting.

John watched every move with sympathetic delight and exhorted patience. 'Take your time now, sir—take your time an' you have him cot all right.'

Patience indeed! how could he tell the joy of that first fish, or the thrill the unmistakable tug-tug on the line gave to one who had pined to handle a rod again for years and years. The rod strained, the fish leapt high, the reel sang, the landing-net was in readiness and at last the shining marvel was safely landed into the boat.

There was no fish in the whole of Corrib to compare with it in our opinion. It was a king among fishes. We admired it and weighed it and talked about it for the rest of the day. A two-pound trout in the first ten minutes! It was beyond our wildest dreams. It was the crown of success.

We landed for lunch on one of the lovely little islands that stud the lake. The rain cleared off and the mists curled away over the soft brooding hills. We ate cold-bacon sandwiches beneath a blackthorn-bush purple with sloes, and wild mint grew between the stones, filling the air with its lovely sharp fragrance. Some little black cattle sniffed round with odorous breath and licked the empty baskets.

We fished again till dark and reached home with a laden net, and blisters like gooseberries on every hand from rowing. So another perfect thread was woven into the skein of our lives.

For a week we lived in a happy maze of boats, rods, rain, Daddies, wet coats, best Irish bacon at every meal except tea (having had none worth speaking of for two years) and turf fires in the evening.

Mrs. O'Brien grilled the trout beautifully amid a forest of wet coats and stockings hanging round the kitchen range without a murmur, while the 'between-maid' gnawed green apples all day without ceasing and did a few odd jobs.

Sometimes we came back empty-handed, but hope, I think, springs miles higher in the fisherman's heart than anyone else's, and we remained firmly optimistic.

The great beauty of fishing is that the blame can always be put on everything save your own lack of skill; the wind, the sun, and the water all shoulder the blame in turn for an empty net.

One day in particular, I remember seemed absolutely perfect. We set out in high hopes, but the trout refused to look at any lure, not even a Daddie fattened on cream and affianced to a grasshopper would tempt them to rise.

'What ails 'em at all,' Tone demanded in despair, changing his cast yet again.

Swift as a greyhound after a hare came John Lynch's consoling reply:

'There's a terrible leaden glare in the sky, sir, maybe that's the cause of it.'

Ah, the very thing! A leaden glare in the sky, quite impossible to fish under those conditions, so we wasted no more time in flogging the water and went to Galway instead where we bought 'lengths' of homespun tweed, beautiful closely woven stuff with flecks of white lamb's-wool here and there.

Next day my brother-in-law, his wife and small boy arrived from England on a visit.

My brother-in-law had set his heart on getting some poteen to bring back to England, for he said people there didn't believe in it and he wanted to roast the throats out of some of his doubting acquaintances with a taste of the real Mountain Dew.

John Lynch, when questioned on the subject, said he never heard there was such a thing in the whole of Ireland, but after a little persuasion he looked rather foxy, and hinted he would send word to a certain 'young lad' who had the very best brew in the district, and in due course the young lad sent back word to say he'd call round at the island one night if he happened to be passing that way.

After that he told us some splendid stories of the skirmishes between young Civic Guards out hunting for stills and promotion, and the local people, for, like all lookers-on, he saw the best of the game.

Coming home across the lake late one wet evening another boat loomed up in the gloom and passed us quickly, rowed by two men. A woman in a shawl sat very upright in the stern with voluminous petticoats spread all around her.

John rested his oars a moment and scooped up some water to silence the monotonous squeaking of the ungreased thole pins.

'D'ye see them?' he said, with a contemptuous nod of his head towards the other boat, 'tis hawking poteen round the lake they are wid the old hag sittin' above on the keg. It's not the rale stuff at all they have, for it's made wid Rossian oats.'

It was a wild blustering night when the man brought the poteen, the sort of night that should be chosen for such dark deeds.

We were sitting round a blazing turf fire sleepily watching the

vermilion flames devouring the brown sods, and listening to the doleful sounds my brother-in-law produced from an old flute which he had found in the house. His wife said it reminded her of the music that bears used to dance to.

A young moon hid herself behind the swift clouds and the waves dashed loudly against the pier, and between the wind and the waves and the wails of the flute the soft splash of oars and the crunching of a boat on the shingle were only just audible.

Tone went outside and met a middle-aged man coming up through the long grass from the lake.

'Good evening,' he said.

'Good evening,' replied the man, who appeared to be rather surly in his manner.

'It's a wild night.'

'It is so.'

'I think we're coming to the rain.'

The middle-aged man inspected the sky and agreed that rain was not far off.

'The lake is very rough; did you come far?'

'A goodish bit, maybe an hour and a half.'

He accepted a cigarette and they stood in the wet grass smoking in silence.

Then Tone flung a casual question. 'Do you happen to know anything about some bottles? I was expecting them to-night.'

The man heaved a sigh of relief and straightway became decent and apologetic.

'I have 'em here for you, sir, below in the boat, but I was in dread to mention them for I didn't rightly know whether you were the gentleman or not.'

He led the way to the boat and unearthed two bottles and received ten shillings in return.

'Thank you, sir,' he said, 'have a little drop now to warm you.'

He poured out two small glasses from a stone jar, and handed one to Tone.

'Here's luck and tight lines for the fishin'.'

He opened his mouth and poured the drink down the back of his throat.

'Good night, sir, an' thank you. If you be wantin' more, send me word. It's fine sthuff an' you'll niver taste better. Och, man! 'tis grand for the pain in the sthombach!'

He pushed his boat out into the dark troubled waters and with an airy wave of his hand disappeared into the mysterious unknown.

Midnight found us still sitting round the fire as happy as larks. We smoked cigarettes from Cyprus which had been smuggled through half a dozen customs and sipped tiny sips of illicit spirit that tasted like nothing on earth, smelt worse, and blazed a trail of fire through our insides hotter than any prairie fire that ever raged.

So lawless and reckless did we feel that I verily believe if anyone had offered to show us how to make counterfeit coins in the kitchen we'd have jumped at the idea.

'Strange,' I said, 'that four people of ripeish years, the men not without recognition in their respective spheres of life, should get such a kick out of law-breaking.'

Tone said it was the spirit of his wild old Irish ancestors stirring within him, and if only he'd lived in America he'd be a millionaire bootlegger by this time.

Next morning we all felt a good deal less than usual. The old Irish ancestor had evidently lent us a bit of his head as well as his spirits and we thought a change of air would do us good.

We decided to take advantage of a previous invitation and have a day's salmon-fishing some twenty miles from Galway.

Poor Jack had toothache and sat miserably in the kitchen clutching his head in his hands while his mother fried the bacon in a frenzy.

'Oh madam,' she wailed, 'whatever shall I do? And he always had such beautiful teeth as a child—oh madam, he *was* such a little cherub.'

Looking at the overgrown, rather pallid lad huddling in his chair it was difficult to picture him as a fat-cheeked cherub floating on clouds. However, a few drops of poteen disguised as liniment to rub on the gum kept matters quiet till breakfast restored us to ourselves.

We asked John Lynch if there was a dentist in the neighbourhood and he strongly recommended one in the village as 'a grand man to dhraw a tooth; he dhraws for the parish priest and all the gentry.'

What better recommendation could we want? On our way to the salmon-fishing we decanted the shivering, suffering Jack at the dentist's door and waited outside while John Lynch escorted him in.

Presently we heard a roar from the surgery and a voice shouted sharply:

'Keep your mouth shut and don't dirt the place.'

A moment later poor Jack emerged through the door, followed by John bearing a towel and a mug of water. He was crimson in the face and his cheeks bulged out on either side like balloons. As soon as his foot touched the pavement he made a horrid gurgling sound and spat out a mouthful of blood. I turned my head away quickly and we drove off in silence, leaving poor Jack to welter in his gore.

Afterwards we confessed to each other we were all nearly sick on the spot!

Day by day we fell more in love with the island and the lake, the mountains with their ever-changing shadows, the grey stone walls and barren desolate bogs on the mainland, the rain, and the mists, the exquisite sunsets and enchanting yet melancholy views.

The ways of the place, the naturalness and simplicity of the country people around reminded us of the old Ireland we had lived in as children, which is now being fast swept away by the rising tide of self-government.

We thought how lovely it would be to own a piece of ground near the lake and on it build the cottage of everybody's dreams, the sort of place where we could idle and relax yet always have lots to do with fishing or shooting and a garden to create; somewhere to turn aside into for peace and quiet as one turns down a country lane to get off the main road for a while. The more we thought about it, the more we wanted it, and when that hateful virtue, common sense, pointed out we were quite mad to build a cottage which we could only live in very occasionally, we turned a deaf ear.

Providence must have prompted John Lynch to point us out the most perfect site for a house on his own farm, the very day before we left the island.

He had often thought of building a house there himself to let for the fishing, but money was scarce—and now he was anxious to sell.

It was a one-acre field running down to a creek of the lake. Stone walls bounded it on three sides and a road, good enough for a car, led up to it from the back. It faced due south over the lake and in one corner was a rough pile of mossy stones—ruins of an old boat-house—ready to be transformed into a rock garden, and there was a sand-pit in the field across the road.

A pier of granite boulders jutted out into the deep water, and the whole thing was ours for the sum of one hundred pounds,

including the sand for building. Without a moment's hesitation Tone struck.

'I'll buy it,' he said.

Within an hour an amazed and dazed John Lynch found himself in a solicitor's office in Galway, standing rather sheepishly cap in hand and answering quick, sharp questions as to how he held his land.

A temporary deed drawn up and signed, we then sought for and found an architect, a contractor and a plumber, put them in a car and rushed them out to view the site.

By tea-time the architect had a rough plan made out, the contractor had scraped in the sand-pit and mentioned a probable estimate, and the plumber had borrowed our boat and caught a couple of nice trout.

He was a depressing man, and he thought our ideas were very extravagant and unnecessary.

'If you want all them convayniences,' he said, regarding the plan with great disfavour, 'an' taps here and taps there, 'twill be a verra' expensive job.'

The car-driver was more encouraging and promised to get us scallops for thatching from his brother.

'I well remember,' he said, 'when they used to sell 'em by the hundred, but now they must sell 'em by the bundle for there's niver a hundred in it.'

Between the lot of them the ground was finally marked out for the cottage and a couple of garages, for Tone said 'he'd be hanged if his car would stop out all night in the rain when we had visitors,' and the next step was to the village pub where they drank to the success of the venture in successive pints.

Very early next morning we rowed across to explore and gloat over and photograph our new possession.

The solitude was immense. No sound save the sigh of the lake and the harsh cry of a bird in the distance, and not a living creature in sight.

The sun was drawing the mist up out of the ground and spiders' webs clung glistening to the thistles; truly 'Heaven was under our feet, as well as over our heads.'

Next year the cottage would be finished and our own boat would be moored at the pier. I saw in my mind's eye how it would look when we returned. I pictured the new thatch bright yellow in the sun, the windows open wide to catch the lovely view, the blue smoke curling up—and next year suddenly seemed a very long way off.

OLAV THE SAINT AND HARALD HAARDRAADI.

(Based on Snorri's *Heimskringla*, written in Iceland about the year 1230)

IN the year 1019 King Olav of Norway rode to see his mother Aasta at the great farm that had been the home of her second husband, King Sigurd Sow.¹ It lay in Ringerike, a land of low, forested hills and a few fertile valleys, midway between the Vik and the high fells. Sigurd had ruled there as under-king; he had as good a right as his stepson Olav to be over-king of Norway—he, too, was of the race of old King Harald Fairhair; but he was a farmer rather than a warrior, never so glad as when he could stand in the fields with his gold-tipped staff and watch his men cutting and carrying the corn. Still he had bowed to Aasta's imperious wishes when her son came from England with a couple of hundred Vikings to make himself master of all Norway. He had given the young man sound advice, and he had fought hard on shipboard by his side when Olav routed Svein Jarl and the great landowners who stood for the overlordship of Knut the Dane and Olof the Swede, and the free peasants who stood for heathendom.

Now Sigurd Sow was dead, but he had left Aasta with three sons; Guthorm, Halvdan, and Harald.

King Olav sat in the great old hall beside his mother, and watched the boys who played on the floor. Olav the Stout, men called him, but afterwards he was to earn another nickname. He lifted Guthorm on to one knee and Halvdan on to the other and then stared at each in turn with wrinkled brows and blazing eyes, letting them see the grim visage that he had shown the Englishmen, when he had hewed his way through the East Anglian ranks on Ringmere Heath, and when he had climbed sword in hand over the walls of Canterbury. The boys were terrified and sprang away. Then Aasta picked up Harald, who was only three years old, and put him on Olav's knee. The king made his fierce face again, but the boy looked steadily at him. Then the king caught him roughly by the hair, but Harald only tore at the king's beard

¹ So called because his chief pleasure was to root up land, like a sow, for corn-growing.

in return. Then said King Olav : ' A revengeful man will you be one day, friend.'

Next morning Olav and his mother walked about on the farm in the spring sunshine. They came to a sheet of water where the three children were at play with toy houses and barns, wooden sheep and cows. Beside a little creek they saw Harald with many chips of wood floating on the water. The king asked what these might be, and the boy answered that they were his warships. The king laughed and said : ' Maybe you will come to have ships.' Then he called up the other two.

' What would you like to have most of, friend ? ' he asked Guthorm.

' Cornfields,' said the lad.

' How much cornland would you like ? '

' I should like to sow every spring as much land as there is on that ness that goes out into the lake.'

The king looked at the ness. On it stood ten farms.

' Much corn would stand on that ness,' he said. Then he asked Halvdan what he wished to own.

' Cattle,' he said.

' How many cattle would you have ? '

' When they went to the lake to drink I should like them to stand as thick as may be all the way round the shore.'

' Big farms will you two boys own. You take after your father,' remarked the king. Then he turned to Harald and asked what he would care to have.

' Housecarles,' said the boy.

' How many ? '

' As many as would eat up all Halvdan's cattle at one meal.'

Then Olav laughed and said to Aasta : ' Here you are bringing up a king, Mother ! '

As King Olav rode away he may have felt a foreboding that he would find it hard to hold this country of stiff-necked peasants and sullen chieftains. Lucky though he was both on sea and land, no man could feel at ease who had Knut as an enemy, the master of both Denmark and England, Knut the Mighty, Olav's former comrade-in-arms, for whom he had broken London Bridge when the city defied the Danish host. A vision may have flashed on the king that Harald would have Norway in years to come, yet little would he think that only twelve years hence the boy would be at his side, fighting among grown men, and would escape alive from that

stricken field where Olav fell, soon to be hailed as saint by the Christian world.

As the king foretold, ships young Harald had in plenty ; first the Byzantine galleys that carried him to the winning of much gold in Sicily and Africa, afterwards the dragon-headed ships of the North, in which, year after year, he sailed to Denmark, laying waste with fire and sword the land that would not take a Norseman as king. His vengeance might well be dreaded more than that of any ruler of the house of Fairhair before or since. Olav the Stout had caused kings to lose eyes and tongue, but Harald plucked out the eyes of a Greek Emperor with his own hands. Housecarles he had, who brought him victory in every fight, until they went down with their master before the housecarles of English Harold at Stamford Bridge, in that last great venture that was to have made England the prey of a Norwegian instead of a Norman conqueror.

In the annals of blood, and craft, and cruelty, and mad lust for power, there are few darker or fiercer figures than King Harald Haardraadi ; and yet the saint and the tyrant did not stand far apart. Haldor Brynjulfsson, who had known them both, gave it as his opinion that no two rulers were more alike in character than these two sons of Aasta. 'Both,' he said, 'were very clever men, bold in battle, lusting for goods and power, greedy for mastery over men ; genial they were not, but haughty, severe in punishment. King Olav broke the people to Christianity and better customs, but punished cruelly those who made themselves deaf to his words. The chieftains would not endure his righteousness and his justice ; they raised an army against him and felled him in his own land ; therefore he became a saint. But King Harald went to war to win renown and power ; all people who stood against him he strove to break, and he fell in another king's land. Both in daily life were men of good morals and careful of their honour ; they were also high spirited and widely travelled, and for all these reasons they were exceptional men and world famous.'

EDWARD FRANKLAND.

THE LAST OGRE.

BY J. LESLIE MITCHELL.

I.

SPRING in the uplands of Alarlu in the year 1263 of the Old Calendar. Un-dreaming a new one, Bishop Nerses, all the long winter days and nights, had so busied himself with that stupendous *Contemporary Chronicle* that the contemporary life of his diocese had almost escaped his notice. The snows of winter shivered and silted against the horn panes of his tower window as he sat and wrote far into each night, perched high above the Persian foothills and the lightless deserts of Mesopotamia. Eidon, his chaplain, young and vigorous and confident, saw to the spiritual needs of the Nestorian farmers of the Alarlu plateau; Amima Nerses, confident, vigorous, young, saw to the physical needs and necessities of the same community, organising the winter-time hunting and meat-curing, gathering and staffing the great annual caravan which descended on the southern lands to dispose of Alarlu's surplus products, tending the sick, brow-beating the bullying, carrying out a multitude of duties as the warden of the plateau. . . .

Sometimes of a winter morning, his window opened to the frosty fall of sunlight, himself apace in search of the ideal word or phrase, the Bishop would glance out and see Amima, young face grave and composed, a Mongol bow slung at her back, ride forth on this or that expedition amid the sleeping fields. . . . An ideal daughter—if she had but been a son, as the Bishop records he thought, wryly unhumorous. For his only son—in company with that son's Mongol lover whom Amima, alas, had also loved—had long vanished into the wild northern lands of Asia, on the track of history and the horse-tail hordes.

And, almost abruptly, the Bishop was aware of the coming of the Spring. Sleet no longer pelted his tower. Of a night it would be either a moon-lighted, soundless world without, or the dark alive with the soft fresh hiss of rain. Sometimes, writing far into the dawn, and rising in weariness and opening those windows, a smell of greenness and growth would flood his tower

chamber, moistly, confusingly, so that Neesan Nerses would stand and dream and forget his *Chronicle* and the urgencies of history the while the Persian uplands wheeled eastwards into the sunrise and the cocks began to crow in Alarlu village. . . .

And across that beginning of Spring seven centuries ago, green and ablow with new leafage and pasturage, Amima comes riding young and restless and rebellious, so that one stares at her in the dusty pages of Nerses' *Chronicle* with a sudden ache of wonder and recognition. So, indeed, the Bishop himself seems to have stared. The Spring and a maid——

Restless and strange and wayward, no longer the plateau's grave, competent guardian. She quarrelled with Eidon over a detail of Mass, egged on the laggard peasants of Alarlu to absent themselves from early devotions, and might well have created a fresh Nestorian schism but for the intervention of the Bishop. Her singing was heard no longer; slim and dark and bored, clad in that male attire of boots and jerkin and bonnet that still occasionally shocked the Bishop's notions of propriety, she lounged in the halls of Alarlu palace, eating sweetmeats she was wont to scorn, teasing the great Balkh hunting hounds, intractable and impossible. Or she would climb to the Bishop's own room with unwarrantable frequency and prowl amid his manuscripts, and peer whistling from his window, and prowl again, softly, slim shoulders a-droop, padding like a restless panther.

'Amima.'

'My father?'

'Come here.'

Standing in front of him, warily, restlessly even while standing, the Bishop would see in her, startled, with a wild pang of pain for forgotten Springs, himself of other years and all the quests he had once sworn to lead and all the questionings to answer . . . before his life had been snared by a room in a tower and the scripts of ancient un-wisdom.

But Amima was a woman. There need be neither quests nor questionings for her if the plain and obvious need could be supplied. The Bishop sighed. That need was a husband—and where might such be found in these wild lands and times?

I think he fell into a puzzled day-dreaming then, the while she stood and faced him. But his mind leapt to startled attention on realisation that she was speaking to him, and realisation of the purport of her speech.

'Father, I wish to go hunting in the Kablurz Beg.'

'Eh?'

She nodded, holding his eyes steadfastly, her hand knotting and unknotting in the leathern horse-thong she had brought up to the tower. Nerses stared at her astounded, as he tells, and then himself looked through the open window, across the afternoon sunlight peace of Alarlu, at that dank, craggy toweringness on the north-eastern sky—the bastions and ramparts of the desolate mountain-jumble that crept upon Persia from out the wild wastes of Baluchistan. Perhaps twenty miles away—though, lagging behind the times, Nerses still thought of distances in parsangs—those mountains rose to his gaze. They seemed nearer in the sun-haze, shining blue and immediate on the upper summits with unmelted and unmeltable snows. Save for the scarce and wary trapper unchancily snaring and hunting its fringes it was land unexplored and unknown, the great range of the Kablurz Beg. Land once demon-haunted and of ill repute, as legend had told to the sceptical Bishop. . . . Demons there were, but their hunting-grounds the canyons and dark corridors of the human heart, not of any mountain range, as the *Chronicles* record his own heretical convictions. . . . But for Amima to hunt there—

'You may hunt the plains—as you do—for buzzard, our uplands for deer. What more do you seek?'

'I wish to hunt in the Kablurz Beg. Oh, my father, I am so weary of the little life of this little place! I want to see other lands if but for a day, if but at a distance of twenty miles from Alarlu. . . . You will let me go?'

She had dropped on one knee then, her hands on his knees, the rebellious restlessness for a moment transmuted into something else, and her eyes, dark and deep, smiling up at him. He stared at her troubledly. A maid and the Spring.

He said, slowly, 'To-morrow I will ask Eidon the Chaplain to gather a hunting-party for the waste lands of the north. Will that content you? There are lions there. But the Kablurz Beg'—and he looked away from that stark gaze of hers to repeat with due gravity what he himself believed to be but the fuddled imaginings of work-weary peasants—'it is said that a great grey monster, as in ancient times, haunts the passes near to Alarlu.'

'I also have heard of the Grey Beast. I do not believe it is a devil. Only some bear.' She had stood up. Her eyes were defiant now. 'My father, I wish to go hunting in the mountains.'

'And that I forbid—or any thought or intention of such hunting. You understand?'

She nodded. She knelt and kissed his hand, formally. She turned and left him, and the Bishop, with a sigh of relief and impatience, went back to his scripts, hearing as the night came on the moan of the Spring wind sweeping Alarlu from its icy birth-place on the mountain ledges of the Kablurz Beg.

II.

And next morning Amima was missing, and all that day, and all the night that followed, and there was a ringing of alarm bells in Alarlu heard far down in the deserts, and a wild drift of rumour and surmise from peasant hut to hut.

Youthfully and very coolly and unexcitedly Amima had calculated the consequences of her act: twelve hours of anxiety for her father and then a rating and punishment for herself when she returned at dusk. These could be borne. But not the challenge and wonder of the unexplored mountains.

So at dawn she crept out from Alarlu palace, taking the Mongol bow that had been her brother's—a bow of overlapping plates of horn, a magical instrument with a flat trajectory and a mighty twang in the loosening—and a bag of dried fruits and a hunting-knife. These she bound to the saddle of her pony and led him softly from the courtyard. It was but barely dawn. She mounted on a path that ran betwixt the little millet-fields of the Nestorians, and glanced back once and blessed her father, gravely, for she loved him, and turned her eyes to that shadow against the morning that was her planned hunting-ground; and set her pony at a sharp trot to the brink of Alarlu plateau.

On that brink, at the edge of the pass that led down to the plain, almost she halted and turned back for a cloak, for the wind was bitter. But down through the morning mists she saw the desert-lands already gleaming cobalt in the sun shine. . . . And she would be back in Alarlu before the night fell.

Two miles away, round the far shoulder of the plateau, she turned her pony's head towards that far glistening splendour that a few moments before had been a dark matutinal indecision. Now, sun-kissed, pinnacle after pinnacle betook to itself an icy corona. The pony trotted forward into the tundra country, and

Amima unslung the horn bow in readiness and at length was out on that expedition which had haunted her imagination all through the dark winter months.

III.

It was a desolate land, neither desert nor herbage, but a treeless waste of thin bushes, ungreen, unrustling in the morning heat. Nothing lived or moved, it seemed to the Nestorian girl, but the pony and herself. The air, not yet the usual dank stagnation of the plains, tasted like warmed mountain ale. Amima shook her pony into a trot, into a gallop that was presently, her mount entering into the spirit of the hour, a wild flight across the waste lands, their centaur shadow in pursuit. When at last she pulled in the pony and glanced back towards Alarlu she gave a little gasp of surprise. The plateau had dwindled to a dot on the horizon. . . .

The sun climbed ; the bushes acquired shadows jet as ink-nut juice ; the pony trotted perspiringly, once stopping gladly and with heaving flanks to plunge his muzzle in a little spring that rose in the tundra in one spot and dwindled to a seeping extinction a few yards away. It was while she bent over her mount, allowing him to drink sparingly, that Amima heard a rustling in some bushes in front. She raised her head and simultaneously was aware that her pony had raised his, had ceased to drink, and was trembling as with grass-ague.

A great, black-maned lion had risen and stopped to sniff the air and cast an incurious glance at pony and rider before turning about and padding off, at an unhurried lope, towards the two-miles distant spurs of the Kablurz Beg.

For a moment, one guesses, Amima's heart stood still. But the moment passed. Not without result had she been reared in a time of wild alarums and wilder essays ; and the Spring was with her ; and never before had she hunted lion alone. . . . She strung the Mongol bow, bending the shining plates of horn to thigh and knee, and fitted a steel-tipped arrow, and lashed the pony into pursuit.

The lion heard the beat of their coming, and faced round and growled, amazedly, warningly. The shivering pony slowed down to a canter ; halted. Amima rose in her short stirrups, and levelled the arrow of the flat trajectory sweep, and felt her mount quiver beneath her as the bow-cord twanged like the plucked string of a Titan lyre. . . .

Thrice she succeeded in dragging her pony beyond reach of the lion's squatting charge. The third time, charging, it broke its bound in mid-air and squatted on the ground, tearing at the arrow in its chest. Amima strove to loose another arrow, and at length succeeded. The quiverings of her mount flung the projectile wide of its mark, singing over the head of the clawing, spitting beast she hunted. But at that sound and arrow-impact in the ground so near at hand, the lion crept to its feet, turned tail, and fled. Amima thrust the pony again on its track, and raised her eyes, and saw with amazement the walls of the Kablurz Beg, long desired, attained at last, towering almost overhead.

IV.

They rise cragged and bushless now, treeless, a wildered jumble of naked escarpments serrating the far sky-line from the roof of that Monastery which houses unread and forgotten the *Chronicles* of Neesan Nerses. But seven centuries of suns and winds and the rains of denudation have played on those mountain masses since Amima Nerses, hot on the trail of the wounded lion, entered the range through a bush-choked gully and found herself in a maze of canyons and corridors patterned and choked in the surge of a cold, jungle life. Conifers drooped lianas across the pathless path; ferns, rank and gigantic, scraped the sides of her mount. Torrents droned in unseen caverns of the rock. High above this green, tenebrous world the sun played on the frozen points that crowned the scarred cliff-walls.

The lion seemed to have vanished. Then she saw him again, going very slowly far up a bush-strewn slope. She urged the pony in pursuit and for a little, because the quarry went draggingly, gained on him, crossing the slope briskly. But its farther side shelved more steeply than the portion she had ascended. The pony hesitated, then floundered downwards, snorting and unsure of foot. It was deeper there, the cliff-walls curving overhead.

And at that moment the lion sprang.

It had crouched behind a lichened boulder. Leaping, arrow in chest, it screamed a fraction too soon for fruition of its purpose. The pony, over-nervous already, swerved and dipped, dragging the bow from Amima's hand with the saddle-peak, flinging Amima herself far among the boulders. Rolling, she flung her arms across her throat and face, as she had been warned to do if ever she lay at the

mercy of the great carnivores. She heard the lion roar again, heard a wild clatter of hooves, and then ceased from hearing anything.

V.

When she awoke the sun stood overhead. But for the unceasing shrill of mountain streams the jumbled, lost valleys of the Kablurz Beg drowsed undisturbed in the seep of sunshine. It was very warm. The rocks against which she lay seemed to perspire moistly. She dragged herself, aching, to her feet.

Near at hand lay the lion, dead. There was no sign of the pony. Alone and weaponless she was left in the heart of the haunted mountains.

But that strange, insolent courage that is of youth and no historical epoch did not wane from her at all. Very thirsty, she sought out a pool and drank there, and laved her face, and loosened her hair about her shoulders for comfort, and wept a little, not from fear but vexation for that lost pony and bow. Then she went and stood in the rill-haunted silence of the canyon and looked in some pride at the lion. If she could but carry him back to Alarlu!

But that was impossible. She would have task enough in transporting herself thither. She set out.

At first the way was clear enough—the slope over which she had galloped, the gully she had descended. At the top of the latter a black panther slipped past her, cat-like, with suave grace. She sprang aside with a startled cry; but the beast paid no heed. A little shaken, she turned again to resume her journey out through the mountain bastions to the tundra-land. Strange that the way showed no mark of the pony's passage.

VI.

The sun was low in the sky. Heat had departed from the dark inlands of the Kablurz Beg, and a grey fog crept and frothed and poured in soft, soundless billows through the boulder-strewn canyons. And through those canyons, stumbling now and then, Amima, hopelessly lost, still sought an exit to the world beyond.

She sat down and thought. In less than an hour it would be sunset and darkness. Unless she found some shelter from the night, from beasts and . . .

She sat, very tired, watching the light die from the blue peaks overhead. At her feet a little stagnant lake shimmered and rippled in the half-twilight. Beyond and around, crystalline, gigantic, the canyon cliffs pierced upwards to peer in the face of the dying day.

Day that was yet upon Alarlu, kindly and secure, sleeping in the loveliness of a springtime afternoon. . . .

But of that she would not think—of neither that nor the horrific tales of the peasant huts: of the beasts and worse that ravened here at night.

She raised her head. It had grown darker even while she sat. She stood up and looked round her bewilderedly. And then, across the little lake and far down a narrow corridor in the cliffs, she saw a light pringle to being against the coming of the night.

VII.

It was no cave from which the light emanated, but the merest fault in the rock-surface that left a triangular cleft there, some twenty feet deep. And midway this cleft burned, unattended, the fire.

Amima crept into the cleft and warmed herself at the blaze. Outside: the night-fretted silences of the Kablurz Beg and its winding mazes. Inside: nothing but the crackle and hiss of the dried bush-branches, no mark or indication of him who had kindled them.

But the light grew, and at the far end of the cleft she saw a thing that seemed not of natural formation. She went towards it, cautiously. It was a kind of nest, built of twigs and long grass, and, bending over it, Amima Nerses started back with a cry that echoed far out of the cleft and was caught and reverberated away and away and back again, rock-impelled, unendingly.

For in the nest lay dead a thing that might have been a human child but that it was a Grey Demon of the mountains: No lie, no old wives' tale as her father had taught her to believe, but a loathsome reality.

She would have turned and fled then. The echoes of her startled cry had died away. But now she heard them replaced by another sound. It drew steadily nearer and nearer, a horrid, baying cry, the weary cry of a tortured animal, a snarling, moaning gibberish. Nearer it came and, looking out, for a time the girl could see no cause of it. And then she saw.

By the mere of the lake the Thing came bounding into the fire-radiance. Neither upright nor on all fours it came. Its skin gleamed a hideous, dead grey. It dragged a great club behind it, snuffling up the slope to the cleft. Its head and face came in view then and as she saw them, Amima, lost far from Alarlú and its shelters, heard wrung from her lips such wail of horror and disgust as would surely echo to the plateau itself.

VIII.

Many parsangs away in the sunset at that moment Bishop Nerses and Eidon the Chaplain were camping the main body of the search-party under the outer walls of the Kablurz Beg.

'It may be my daughter has found shelter in some cave of the mountains. We can do no more for her until the light comes again.'

Eidon the Chaplain shook his head. 'By the claw-marks on the pony's saddle it seems that some wild beast seized her.' He glanced fearfully towards the dark, sky-towering walls. 'Or some devil of the mountains.'

But even at that moment he found his Bishop as heretical as ever. 'Demons there are—but in our hearts, Eidon. Pride and Fear and Hopelessness are the devils that cry in the night. All else are phantasies.'

'From antiquity our Church has believed in the existence of demons.'

'From antiquity our Church has suffered from the existence of fools. Heed to the men, Eidon. I would be alone.'

It was dreadful in those night hours. What from cold and fear the shivering Nestorian search-party slept but fitfully about its camp-fire. Nerses himself sat unsleeping, head in hands, listening to that far, attenuated twitter and rustle in the darkness-shrouded mazes of the mountains. One of Amima's hounds crept up to him and thrust a cold nose against his cheek, and sat with him listening. A pony stamped and whinnied, smelling the prowlings of some great cat. The stars came out and glittered and wheeled down into the west. And at last the Bishop saw the fires dying, and that it was dawn.

Blue-tinted and cold, sharp-edged, the near peaks stood out as the details of a slip-painting against the copper bowl of the dawn. Remote on the tundra-fringe the jackals were baying. But, as

the little expedition from Alarlu rose and shook itself and mounted, one of the great Balkh hunting hounds broke loose from its lead. It capered for a moment, stood hesitant, then, nose to the ground, headed up the nearest passage into the mountains.

Nerses stared after it, glanced at the ground near the canyon entrance, and turned to Eidon. 'Loose the other hounds. We will follow them.'

Loosed they were and went baying up the rugged track that still, in its soft parts, bore marks of a pony's hoof-prints. They were on the trail of Amima Nerses.

IX.

That trail had long been lost on the banks of a stream that at length ceased from being and vanished, roaring, into a cliff-side vault. They were many parsangs deep in the mountains' heart. Overhead, the morning that had been a promise was now a skyey fulfilment. The hounds squatted panting.

And then, while they stood by that stream at a loss, and the Bishop, as he tells, at last gave up hope, Eidon the Chaplain called to him, and called the Alarlu men to silence, and all of them listened.

It was the sound of a voice lifted, singing. Far away, eerily, wonderfully, the singer sang in the morning hush, and Neesan Nerses felt an icy hand grip at his heart. The Chaplain Eidon crossed himself and the pallid peasants of the search party shivered, clutching their bows.

'It is the lost and wandering ghost of the lady Amima,' Eidon whispered by Nerses' shoulder. 'Look.'

The hounds had ceased to squat, tongues lolling out, in lazy enjoyment of the halt. Now they cowered under the feet of the ponies as though seeking protection from a nameless, bodiless terror; and as that far singing ceased the beasts lifted their muzzles, whimpering. At that, says the Bishop, his own frozen fear went from him. He remembered only that vivid presence defying him in the palace tower of Alarlu. . . .

'Drive the hounds across the stream.'

So it was done, and, with some urging, the beasts again picked up the trail and followed it subduedly, halting every now and then to whimper and cringe. Behind, splashing through the dark waters, went Neesan Nerses and his company.

Penetrating from the south, they were in a wilderness of closed

valleys. Ahead gleamed a dark lake. But minute by minute it brightened with the diffusion of light from those sun-warmed upper reaches of the air. And suddenly the singing, the singing of a Nestorian hymn in a voice sobbing on the verge of exhaustion, burst forth again, very near at hand. The Balkh hounds stopped and backed away, and no urging would compel them forward again. But the Bishop had ceased to heed them. He drove his mount forward betwixt cliff and mere and burst in view of that cleft where Amima Nerses had sighted the fire in the sunset dusk of the previous day.

X.

The fire a smoke-spiralling heap of embers in the grey of that mountain morning; Amima Nerses in the arms of her father; Eidon, bow bent and taut, glaring towards the mouth of the cleft; the peasants of Alarlu staring with protruding eyes; the devil . . .

He had crouched and snarled and backed away at the clatter of their coming; he had caught up from behind the fire the hideous miniature replica of himself, and, shielding that, splayed himself back against the rock, moaning and snarling. And the scepticism of Neesan Nerses wavered and sank, looking over the bowed head and hysterical weeping of Amima at that frightsome caricature of man.

Great and squat and naked, browless and chinless, with an arching neck and massive down-thrust head, it crouched blinking, facing them; it was matted in a growth of red-grey hair; it stared forth at them wildly, glazedly, trying, the Bishop realised, to raise in challenge the great malformed head overarched by the brutish neck. . . .

The peasants, a Bishop to lead them, the Church to defend, were half-recovering from their fright. Nerses was aware of a bending of bows under the direction of Eidon. So aware also was Amima. She broke from her father's arms.

'Do not loose, do not kill! It has not harmed me. . . . It has but grieved above its dead while all night I have sung—'

And then, says the Bishop, an unpremeditated resolution came on him. He waved Amima to silence, waved aside the threatening bows, and, his hand aloft, walked forward towards the Thing.

It snarled, blood-curdlingly, with a tightening of pendulous lips. For answer the Bishop made the sign of the cross and halted not three feet away from its threatening presence.

XI.

. . . A race of demons, forgotten by God, abandoned by nature, lost in forgotten mountains of the world ; retreating and fading to the waste lands of the earth, leaving behind a rumour and memory of ogre and devil to startle and bemuse the human cohorts out on their mission of conquering the earth. . . . Dim age on age, with the closing in of that alien, hostile world about their last retreats, the demons staring their wonder and fear of it from mountain-eyries and darkened forests as the fires of humankind lit up the nights. . . . Uncomprehending, forgotten, discarded in God's vast purposes as yet might be their own conquerors in the deeps of unborn days. . . . Dwindling to a score, to a last prowling hunter of the twilights, the last of his young clasped dead in his arms.

So, tells Neesan Nerses, he dreamt or visioned or read in a last flame and flow of broken images in those glazed, brutish eyes of the Thing that fronted him that morning in a cul-de-sac of the Kablurz Beg. No voice came from it, but in the hideous eyes dawned a look that spoke and wrung his heart. He raised his hand and again made that sign of an Agony he believed would yet salve and transmute all agonies, human, demoniac, bestial, the world had ever known. And the eyes of the Grey Monster, it seemed to him, lighted for a moment. It half-uncrouched and rose towards him.

High in the morning air rose the twang of the bowstring of Eidon the Chaplain.

XII.

And the Bishop mounted his daughter behind him, and drove the white-faced Nestorians from that place, and without a backward glance rode behind them out through the maze-like gullys of the Kablurz Beg for many parsangs ; and behind them the dank jungles closed and left no trace ; and they came at last to the plains and the Spring sunshine again. Strangely silent, unfrightened, wide-eyed, with meaning at last in her Spring, in the blowing of its every bud, went Amima. And they rode out from the mountains into the sunlight, all of them, into the sunlight and brightness of their days and years, and the darkness that closed on them long centuries ere we were born.

In front of me, transcribing to our alien script and speech this

tale of Neesan Nerses, lies portrayed by the hand and imagination of a modern artist the probable appearance of that strange precursor of Man, the inhuman monster who left his bones and fire-sites and clumsy weapons in Spy and Gibraltar and the caves of Palestine, who perished from the earth in the fourth of the glacial ages—all, it may be, but stray packs of his descendants who hid and fled and dwindlingly survived in the mountain chains that branch from the Roof of the World. A raving thing of lust and blood and brutishness he glares from the artist's page, this Neanderthal Man.

But I remember that last monster that wept its dead in a cavern of the Persian hills, and with Nerses grope through pity to a clearer understanding—even, it may be, as the charitable of some alien species will do to our last descendants if we weary God and He put us aside.

THE KILN BY THE SEA.

BY D. F. SUTTIE.

It is rather significant that the Southern Land of the Norse navigators of a thousand years ago should have retained its name, whereas their North Land has long been known as the Orkney Islands ; and not one of these islands has received a name indicating that it lies to the north of the Mainland of Scotland and north also of the stormy Firth that effectively deterred the majority of these early seamen from making the passage. As only a few of the bolder spirits crossed from the North Land to the Southern Land, they knew little of it ; and even to them the tides round the north-west cape made a formidable barrier to progress down the west coast of the Southern Land.

One might wonder, perhaps, that these hardy men, who carried small stores on board their long-ships and who depended for supplies on plunder from the lands they touched in passing, should give that coast a wide berth when they voyaged from the North Land to Lewis and the Outer Islands and even to Ireland ; but the shore is hazardous and their ships required sea-room, for they could not beat to windward and they depended on oars to haul off a lee shore.

Now, after ten centuries, when Admiralty charts mark out so many shoals, reefs, and sunk rocks that the map looks like a mathematical puzzle, when carefully compiled Sailing Directions are adhered to with strict accuracy, and that interesting book, *The West Coast Pilot*, gives excellent advice, there is no danger to him who would cruise by passenger steamer up the Western Passage, because trained pilots and skilful skippers navigate their ships with mechanical certainty and hold to minutely restricted routes. Even so, their ports of call are not many ; for off these defined ways ships may not be run with safety.

Admittedly the west coast of the Southern Land is dangerous even to those who know it, for sunk rock and fierce tide-rip make many a seeming passage impracticable, and the iron-bound islets themselves guard the shore like pickets thrown out from the main body, while reefs lie in wait for the adventurous like hidden machine-gun posts.

Nevertheless, although the great Norsemen rarely visited it and the Romans left it undisturbed and sea-robbers from Skye landed only at times when better fare failed them, the land played its part in history. Monuments of other days stand there unmolested and unknown except to a few whose forebears built them. There is no carving, no writing; there is no need for such, for the tale of the stones is unmistakable.

Perhaps surroundings make one see more clearly; perhaps one's mind needs to be in tune; moreover, perhaps one has to discover such places unaided to appreciate their story fully. At any rate, to give bearings of these relics might be a breach of faith, and to give a course to be followed to find them, for they are better come upon from the sea, might cause risk to life. It will suffice, therefore, for the tale that they stand on the shore of the Mainland south of Cape Wrath and north of Rhu Stoer in the Southern Land of the Vikings.

Lest it be thought that circumstances affected imagination, it may be pointed out that there is nothing particularly romantic in shooting rock-pigeon from a boat driven by a powerful, noisy, out-board motor-engine, although there may be a suggestion of adventure in sailing close under polished faces of cliffs and peeping into caves when a fresh sea breeze throws green water aboard, the long Atlantic swell makes steering difficult, and the scend of each roller threatens to pitch the boat and her crew of two against hard rock and smash her into the boiling froth at the cliff-foot. Certainly, in the afternoon, when pigeon shooting is over and a southward course is set, one does have time for cogitation, but such thoughts are of the present rather than of the past; for he on whose intimate knowledge of each hidden rock safety depends, a broad-shouldered, spare, supple, nimble-footed man of the sea and hill, lies in the very bows, curled up like a child on the forward locker, looking dreamily down into the water, apparently oblivious to his surroundings.

Only in the more dangerous passages between islets does he come to life, and he holds out a hand to port or to starboard as the hidden rocks lie in the channel. Then comes the force of the rip of the ebb-tide as it tears southward, quarrelling as it goes with the wind, the sea, and the undertow, threatening to swing the boat round in spite of the powerful drive of her propeller and to crack her against a granite spike. Half a fathom each side to spare—no more, and the engine at 'Full-Ahead' to carry her

through the hollow swirls. No wonder the Vikings steered clear of the coast ; there is no oar-room.

The modern way may be exhilarating, but it is surely not romantic. And neither is there suspicion of romance in the small deep bay that is guarded by a high island and that holds a sunk rock in its very centre, nor is there in the narrow channel that leads landward from the bay to a little round sea-loch where duck may be feeding on the 'ebb.' Through the channel the tide ebbs with the strength of a millrace ; and because the fair-way twists like a corkscrew the gillie goes aft and takes the tiller while the 'gun' goes forward for duck.

But an hour's patient waiting is not rewarded by addition to the bag. Curlew rise from the rocky weed-covered shore, and their wild cries echo round the hills ; heron hoist themselves leisurely into the air, uttering their hoarse croaks ; Spoil-sport, the sea-pie, gives his ear-splitting pipe ; a wind-hover floats high overhead to enquire into the unseemly noise ; important cormorant stand sentry on ledges ; but all duck except female eider are warned by the disturbance and sport is over for the day. Yet two more hours must be spent in the loch before the boat can put to sea again, for the spring tide is low and there is too little water in the bottle-necked channel.

With the 'Twelfth' still a week ahead, what can one do but go ashore and climb the nearest of the hills that form a horse-shoe round the bay, to view the country ? It is a wild, desolate land ; no habitation is visible even from that vantage-point. In the distance high hills rise up with sharp jagged peaks clear-cut against blue sky ; and nearer are the lesser hills whose heather and grass-covered sides are patched with granite slab, dotted with boulders, and scarred by dry torrent beds ; and where sea-lochs lie close under them sheer granite cliffs glitter in the sunlight.

Over that country stags wander, grouse hide in the heather, and on the high shoulders leaderless ptarmigan run from rock to rock ; fine shooting for him who is fit enough to tramp, but a hard country even when one takes it easy and there is no necessity to set a fierce pace.

To seaward immediately under the steep, rock-strewn faces of the horse-shoe hills lies a patch of green grass that runs down to the shore of the loch. It is bounded on either side by streams which course down valleys, and to the westward, but still inside the narrow channel, on ground raised like a great stone dais, is

a forest of bracken. Across the sea, as it were beyond the horizon, rises the purple Butt of Lewis, and to the north and south stretches the ragged coast, protected by steep islands, large and small, but more still by reefs to trap the stranger and the unwary.

It is in the bracken above the green grass slope on the south shore of the round loch that the monuments remain. Here and there, out of line and without vestige of orderly row, low, tumbled-down walls of black stone show where once tiny cottages stood. Farther up the hillside on the crest of a ridge, protected from seaward by a granite face, stand two kilns, of which one is complete though roofless, and its gable is sharp-pointed as on the day it was built; while the other, less ably erected of dry undressed stone, is ruined by time. But they have been allowed to remain while the cottages were destroyed; and that in itself is momentous. On the shore, too, by high-water mark and close to a straight ledge of rock is a stout wall of roughly dressed boulders. The wall was not built alongside the ledge to form a dry-dock or slipway; rather they form together a great saw-bench over which trees were laid to be cut into logs.

At one time a small community lived in that quiet place; they built boats of the timber which was then plentiful; they grew oats that they dried in the little kilns; and there is evidence still of cuttings made in the hills, in which fish were laid out to dry.

But for many years the place has been deserted by man, and only birds and beasts go there. It was not poverty that drove the people away from the pleasant bay, for they had cattle and there are fish in the sea; even the great salmon come in shoals. The inhabitants must have sown and harvested corn in considerable quantity, and there was no shortage of fuel, although no living man remembers when trees grew on that land. Yet there must have been a forest, as proved by the saw-bench and by the many roots of trees that can still be seen wherever peat-cuttings have been made; and if at the time of the last unfortunate people wood was becoming scarce, there was, and is still, abundance of peat.

And the dry stone walls of one kiln stand as strongly as on the day it was erected, while but a trace of some of the cottages exists, because the stones of the kiln were firmly and carefully set close together to withstand the heat of fire. The whole little building is hardly more than ten feet long and five feet wide, with a round

kiln at one end built like a basin, or inverted dome, and a fireplace below it; the other end stored grain and gave the worker room to stoke the furnace and turn the oats on the girdle laid over the basin.

The Highlands have long memories, and a story does not seem old when handed down only a few generations and lastly told directly by grandfather to grandson. Moreover, the direct descendant of the people who lived in that place is a calm man, lean and hard. There is little his eyes miss on land and sea; but he speaks seldom and softly, and if he tells a tale it is impersonal. His story is borne out by all the evidence, and a soldier will see that as retreat was rank necessity, the route followed was the natural one under the circumstances.

In 1746, peaceful folk lived in that cup of land. The place was theirs by right of possession, for it had been inhabited by many generations. Their ancestors had built the cottages and the kilns, and even they were undisturbed except by a rare visit paid by the Island raiders. They were thrifty, contented souls. Many head of cattle fed on the hills in summer and were fed on seaweed during the winter months, for until two or three years ago boatloads of a certain kind of seaweed were still collected in the neighbouring lochs for cattle-feeding.

The people fished and they grew as much grain as the land allowed; in fact, they were prosperous in a quiet, self-supporting way. Nor were men raised from that part of the country by Prince Charles Edward for his campaign, although possibly a few ardent young volunteers may have sailed south to join the Standard.

However, these people appreciated distress and were as ready to help a friend in trouble as they were to fight a raider; consequently after the battle was fought on 16th April, 1746, they did what they could to save refugees.

Tomes have been written about the hopeless day. Diverse opinions, historical and otherwise, have been expressed regarding the wisdom, or folly, that led the Prince and his officers to abandon the plan of attack on Nairn and retire to the open moor to await Cumberland's massed forces. Blame has been attached to individuals, and even the charge of cowardice has been uttered against the handful of Macdonalds under Keppoch. Books, compiled from letters and other documents, have been published about the subsequent wanderings of Prince Charles; but the dismal

tale of the stricken remnant of his force has been glossed over, and it seems hardly to have occurred to the writers that where the men went a trail of misery followed in their wake.

It is stated that on the night of the 15th April the Prince's force of some five thousand men, because it was ill-found, failed to complete the march of three more miles to reach Nairn and possibly victory; and if that is the case, the plight of the men can well be imagined. Such men as his, led forward to attack, have willing hearts, and with tightened belts will advance till they drop from sheer exhaustion; but the retreat was ordered and they retired seven miles to wait on the wind-swept moor of Drummosie.

What then could be their case after their fight on the 16th? Their commanding officers had retired from the field; the men were beaten, starved, sick from cold and want of sleep, and many were wounded.

Inverness and its immediate vicinity could not give them relief, for the district had already supported them over-long; therefore to weary, heart-sick men, soured by a long campaign of misfortune, blood-hot at the outcome of all they had suffered for, there was only one thing to be done: to separate into small parties and find maintenance and freedom. Some remained in Inverness to be killed by the advancing troops; others crossed the Ness and put one barrier between themselves and the victorious force. Then they scattered in various directions.

Prince Charles had not enlisted an army of untried men. Whatever their faults, they were not given to panic; they did not run for miles, but tramped steadily, ready to kill or to be killed, for life held little for them. Some went to their homes, south, south-west, or west of Inverness, but they did not march in compact bodies nor in any set direction. No parts of that country could sustain a force of any strength, so they broke up into parties of four or five, and one party avoided another's trail as much as possible.

There were many of these men who were homeless or who foresaw the danger of returning to their own land, and there were numbers whose homes were across the sea in the Western Isles, in Ireland, or in France. To them, so long as they eventually reached the sea-board where boats were available, the exact locality mattered little. The majority had been through the whole campaign and had learned what retreat means; they were

accustomed to fend for themselves, and to them the safest retreat was obvious.

The north-east coast was unfriendly country ; besides, Cumberland would order it to be watched narrowly from the sea. The English general would be bound to march south or south-west where his troops could search for the fugitive Prince ; but he had not a sufficient force at his disposal to be able to send a detachment north-westward.

Many, therefore, retreated that way. The first broken parties travelled fast ; they took cattle and food where they found them. Next went stragglers who had been too undecided or too unfit to make forced marches, or who had tried other ways first and found them impracticable, and their routes were circuitous because they were directed more or less by supplies. Last of all went men who had been driven ; those who had remained as close to the fatal scene as they dared in vain hope of a rally. They found the country devastated ; the inhabitants themselves were starving because the advance-guard of the broken force had taken the remains of their winter's stores.

For the months were the last of spring and the first of summer. Stores of oats and barley from the previous harvest, which would have lasted the crofters until the new season's grain was ripe, were taken, and even the seed that ought then to have been sown in the newly tilled soil was used for food. It was the breeding season too ; a sheep with lamb, or a milking cow, was a meal as good as any other to hunted men who could not be mindful of others. Heather game were killed on the nest and both birds and eggs were eaten ; and to make matters even worse, if that were possible, for both inhabitants and refugees, new green grass was growing on the high hills and deer had gone to summer quarters.

The last to retire were hardened men whose desperation forced them to care for none. They were wild, reckless devils who drew claymore, or sword, only to kill and never to clean, for the last enemy's cloth served that purpose before the weapon was returned ; and before they had finally retreated they had seen what would have made their wildest moods seem sport : Cumberland's work in Inverness.

That last remnant from Drum Mossie trusted none. They ate standing, with back to wall, using only the left hand to lift food to mouth. They lived on the hills by day, keeping well under

cover, and they travelled by night. Often they had to exist on what game they could hunt, for the cottages they risked visiting were rarely able to supply enough food to make the risk of coming out of hiding worth while.

Naturally, even for the smallest parties, progress was slow under these circumstances; and while the first-comers arrived on the north-west coast within a few days of the defeat, the last did not come in for months.

Soon after the battle of Drum Mossie Moor some small bands of fugitives found their way to the village where the kiln still stands. The kindly inhabitants fed them well, treated them hospitably, and listened to tales of wild doings in England and Scotland. The refugees told of the last fight and, doubtless believing it to be true, said that they were the only men who would come that way, for any who stayed behind them would fall into the enemy's hands. The villagers provided a boat, stocked it well with provisions, and as soon as their guests were fit saw them safely past the islands to the open sea.

No sooner, however, had these men left than other parties arrived, and the villagers were confronted with a proposition to which there seemed no solution; for their own supplies were limited on land, and in order to eke them out and to feed others besides themselves they required boats for sea-fishing. On the one hand, while yet a few men came there was no need to refuse them the supplies and transport they wanted; and on the other, when many had collected refusal was futile. Consequently the inhabitants of the hollow killed their cattle, either willingly or unwillingly; and their boats were taken from them despite their protests. So it went on until their last boat was taken by trickery and they had but a few head of cattle left.

Then came a lull in the invasion and the crofters set themselves to build more small boats, to sow their fields with what remained of their oats, and to hunt. During that time the King's ships patrolled the coast, and tales began to spread of how the Highlanders were being treated; but the folk of the village considered themselves fairly safe because of their natural protection.

So undoubtedly they might have been but for the fact that the very safety on which they depended tempted more of the Prince's broken force to descend on them. Men, driven from their homes by Cumberland's ruthless advance, came northward; others came down through the mists from the hills where they had been hiding.

These were the last, the hardest of the dour men who had retreated grudgingly because they did not know rightly how to give in. And when, after all their hardships and wanderings, they reached the coast to find that the boats had already been taken and that there was barely enough food to keep them for a week, they were ready for any devilment. In a way, too, they and the villagers were in the same plight, for the fugitives were hunted men and the people of the place were guilty of harbouring them; moreover, the men from Drummossie were not the type to miss an opportunity however desperate it might be, for to-day was their present and to-morrow would be met when it dawned.

It is hardly surprising then that when, within a few days of their arrival, a patrol ship arrived outside the island and her long-boat put into the bay, the most daring should seize the chance. Of all things they required a boat, and there was one at hand large enough to hold them all. That she was manned by a well-armed crew did not trouble them overmuch; they were accustomed to playing against long odds.

They knew, of course, by that time how the King's ships were searching eagerly for Prince Charles. From the hilltops they could see them cruising up and down the Minch; and they were aware, also, of the reward that was offered to anyone who could, or would, discover the Stuart.

It was easy enough to invent a plan that would bring the boat's crew ashore, but the villagers were, naturally, opposed to such a scheme. They were much in the minority, however, and the men from Drummossie were unanimous; to disagree with them would probably have led to bloodshed. Besides, the plot had two sides; if it were successful the refugees would go, and the crofters would have to trust to luck and their narrow passage to deter the enemy from landing; on the other hand, if their guests did not move on within a few days they would all starve.

Had the fugitives not been in the vicinity the crofters would have lain low and allowed the boat's crew to explore the bay and find out that the channel was not navigable to any without intimate knowledge of its sunk rocks; as it was, they withdrew to the hillside and from under cover watched the outcome of the plan.

Two of the refugees climbed along the rocks to the seaward end of the passage and signalled to the boat's crew; and while some of the remainder hid themselves behind a wall that formed

the cattle enclosure or pen close to the shore immediately above the great saw-bench, others hid in the gap between the wall and the ledge of rock over which trees were laid to be sawn into logs.

The ship in the meantime lay hove-to out of sight of the village and outside the high island that guards the bay, for the passages between the island and the promontories of the Mainland are narrow and risky.

The boat was rowed close to where the two men had climbed along the cliffs, and the crew were led to believe that the Prince was hiding in the hills near the village at that very time. Such a tale might well have been true, and the seamen were keen to make a capture, or, failing that, to carry back to the ship a report of the exact locality of the 'hide'; but they were suspicious and would not risk the narrow channel until both men climbed down into the boat.

The two refugees acted both as pilots and hostages, and they were closely watched. Theirs was a daring part, and they knew the risk they ran. Any sign of resistance ashore would have cost them their lives; but they played their game so well that the forefoot of the boat touched rock alongside the wall that formed one side of the saw-bench before the alarm was given.

Highlanders attacked the boat's crew from over the wall, and those who had hidden in the cattle-pen made such a sudden charge that none of the seamen had even time to leap overboard. Although the boat was heavily manned and the crew outnumbered the refugees they had no chance to defend themselves, for they were jammed together; and if the ship's company did hear any disturbance they put it down in all probability to the result of the crew's usual method of gaining information and taking what they wanted.

The refugees did not waste time. They collected all available supplies and put out through the channel. They made one concession, which may have been as much on their own account as for the safety of the inhabitants: they took with them a volunteer to guide them through the inner channels behind the islands, so that they would not require to expose themselves to the look-out from the ship. And the villagers hoped that when the ship's company became anxious about the boat, the crew would be content with searching theirs and neighbouring sea-lochs, and when they did not find her they would conclude that her crew had taken her through the passage behind the island to the next

long sea-loch and there had cracked her on one of the many sunk rocks and that they themselves had been drowned in the swirling tide.

The idea was quite feasible, but somehow it failed. The men from Drum Mossie rowed out, crossed the bay, and, keeping the island between them and the ship, laid a course northward.

Whether they exposed themselves carelessly, or whether the ship cruised northward inopportunately, will never be known, nor can it be ascertained whether the ship's company captured some of the refugees; at any rate the ship sailed north and the sound of cannon was heard at the village.

The crofters had one hope left: their channel. If that failed them, or the enemy managed to make a landing along the coast, nothing could save them. In case of emergency the women and children were sent inland, and the dozen men and youths waited to cover their retreat.

That evening the ship returned, and in the light of a moon two days waning from full, with the height of the highest spring tide, she sent two boats fully manned across the bay. The crews did not hesitate but put straight into the passage. The first boat was half-way through before she struck; and, without waiting to lend a hand to her sister, the second boat scraped past and made the narrow way. By the time she had run ashore some of the men from the wrecked boat had won a landing on the rocks that bound the channel.

The villagers met the men from the ship on the green slope below the cottages. Neither side waited to enquire into the case, neither side used firearms, and neither side gave in; it was battle to the bitter end.

The monument of that great fight stands there to this day, for the kiln, built to withstand fire, would not burn.

The women and children escaped to the hills where no stranger could follow, and they lived as the men from Culloden had lived, or died of want and weakness. But none of them ever came back to the pleasant spot where the little village had stood on the green slopes above the shore under the granite hills that surround the sea-loch. Their men had all died to cover their retreat when their difficult passage had been navigated by luck, or by treachery; but they were proud that each man had taken the price of that knowledge before the weight of the invaders' numbers had decided the fight and the last man of the village went down.

NEW LIFE IN PALESTINE.

JEWISH COLLECTIVIST SETTLEMENTS.

Our car stopped with a squeak of the brake, and the chauffeur pointed with a slim hand, turning towards us the profile of his mobile face, with the disfiguring scar running from eye to chin: 'A gecko!'

The dreary humped Judean hills lay all before and around us, ancient, tired, exhausted, and the slanting rays of the early sun behind us were only just touching their tops, bringing out the sad colouring of grey-white limestone and red-ochre earth, with sparse dull olive vegetation. They also shone on a jutting rock just by the wayside, and there the dragon-monster lay to bask, immovable, stony grey, antediluvian, its unfathomable eyes unwinkingly fastened on our noisy machine—relic and symbol of the past which in this strangest of lands lives on unchanged, not deigning to take any notice of the present, be it never so loud and insistent.

We were going from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv, and wished to see Kiryat Anavim, a Jewish co-operative settlement, *en route*. 'We' were five strangers, brought together by the chauffeur and owner of the car after the way of the country, where you hire a seat as you would in a 'bus, and are collected at your hotel. Generally you are deep and hot in talk, with people you have never seen before, after ten minutes' drive. Such is the spirit of the land. As often as not, the chauffeur will introduce you to each other quite naturally and easily. This very democratic usage has its advantages and drawbacks, of course, and in our case I could well have dispensed with the talk of my neighbour, a little red-haired American Jew of the odious type that seems to have a monopoly of American patriotism, belittling and mocking every single thing in other countries, from trends of thought or national institutions, to the small items of daily life. On the opposite seats were a young workman returning to Kiryat Anavim—he had been in hospital in Jerusalem—and an engineer in the employ of the Government. He was an Austrian Jew, courteous and pleasant, and proved a mine of information. Then there was my husband beside the chauffeur, and myself. The conversation was conducted in many languages, English preponderating, German and

Hebrew coming next, and scraps of Yiddish and Russian helping the workman and the chauffeur out when the other tongues failed them.

Soon after the gecko episode the zigzag road offered a view of an unusually picturesque Arab village with a monastery to the left, still deep in shadow, and then of the Jewish Workmen's Sanatorium Mozah to the right, on a sunny slope. The low white house, carefully kept, with several deck-chairs occupied by girls in white frocks, made a very pleasing impression. We slowed down passing it and the chauffeur made some remark indicative of pride.

'Yes, they seem to do themselves very well with our money,' sneered the American.

'Why with your money?' I wondered.

And the conciliatory engineer hastened to answer for the other:

'Mr. Weinstein merely means that the American contributions to the Zionist income have made the comparative luxury of this convalescent home possible.' And he added, as the car began to sweep down into the valley: 'Here is the spring of Dilb—and that is Kiryat Anavim.'

On the slope to the right stood a group of shanties and houses, and we forsook the excellent main road to bump towards them. At the gate we left the car and walking up we met a girl in bloomers, shouldering a hoe. She shook the boy's hand and exclaimed in Hebrew:

'We were only expecting you at noon, with the milk-van. Why did not you wait?'

'Why, they let me go at six in the morning, and what should I have done with myself all those hours? Time I got to work again. And Haskel' (with a jerk of the chin towards the chauffeur) 'only charged me two piaster.'

'You heard that?' my American tormentor demanded of me, without troubling to lower his voice. 'He could have come up for nothing, but he spends two piaster—ten cents—just to ride in a car with cushions, I bet, instead of the milk-van.'

'Well,' my husband drawled, 'it all depends on how much his work is worth, you see; I should say he'd earn more than ten cents in four hours, don't you think?'

'Are they visitors?' the girl was demanding, in none too friendly a tone. 'Perhaps you could take them round—we are all scheduled and you are not.'

He shook his head and walked off unceremoniously. We were

standing in a knot, rather helplessly, when Haskel took matters in hand :

'We won't disturb you much, Dinah, because I can take them round just as well.'

'All right,' and she went her way with a nod.

We had heard and seen quite enough of the plague the tourists are in the season to Jewish farmers, both individualists and collectivists, to understand her lack of enthusiasm. A visitor is welcome in the wilderness—now and again; but in the spring-time he appears in such herds as to become a curse in the literal sense of the word. 'May you have visitors!' is one of the new Hebrew imprecations, and not wholly jocular! The spirit of the country is certainly one of good fellowship and friendliness. Both Arabs and Russian Jews (the majority of the settlers hail from Russia) are naturally of a hospitality that really knows no bounds, and in a country where only the few towns boast hotels, this must be so. But the kindness and self-abnegation of these people has been abused so—and that not only by foreign tourists—that it has reached its limit.

Hiking is a passion in the country, especially with the young people. School children and students, workmen and artisans, all walk about the land whenever they have a holiday. Naturally the unemployed 'walk' also, and it is hard to say where the honest workman, temporarily out of work, ends and where the vagabond begins. In any case there are some boys, most winning and charming personally, often endowed with some gift or other, who just walk from place to place, getting their shakedown and supper as a matter of course, and who probably do little else but walk all their days. What with these, the professional 'walkers,' and the genuine holiday-makers, coming along on the Sabbath and the holidays, the budget of the co-operative settlements especially (which on principle never refuse a guest) is gravely burdened. There have been impatient discussions about this pest, but so far the settlers, desperate as their plight often is, sturdily refuse to give up the principle of 'open house.'

They do try to get rid of a 'walker' now and again, sometimes quite successfully, as in the case of a well-known baritone. He arrived once too often in the course of one summer in a group settlement, stationed himself in the yard and began to warble. The children, of course, hurried up, but the grown-ups, instead of showing themselves, slyly led into the yard all the mules and asses

of the place, and presently he found his audience composed exclusively of these musical beasts. They say he left that settlement alone for some time !

Quite apart from the costs, it is the time that is frittered away with the visitors that counts so heavily, and again it is the co-operatives that fear this waste most. There is a sort of speed-boss continually behind them whose driving is no less harassing because he remains invisible. This takes some explaining. The financial basis of the group colonies is the money advanced to them by the Zionist organisation. The organisation gets it not from Socialists but from all sorts and conditions of men, notably business men, strongly opposed to the principles on which these experiments are based, as our American's remark showed. Thus it is not only an imperious practical demand that they should be successful at any price—for only then will there be more money forthcoming for more group colonies. It is also a matter of honour: If I take the bourgeois' money for my ends, I must pay it back and show him my way is the right way! Thus the ruthless speed-boss spurring them continually to give to the work their last breath, their last strength is the fear of the deficit. This deficit under which they are forced to exist in the first years, because they are never sufficiently equipped, and because their experience can only be dearly bought under existing circumstances, this deficit is more of a nightmare to them than the most terrible mortgage of the European farmer. It is the demon deficit that forces them to work for sixteen hours a day in harvest-time; that makes women rise from child-bed on the sixth day and go out into the fields; that whips fever-stricken boys off the couch, driving them, reeling, into stable and yard; that prevents the settlers from getting fly-and mosquito-netting for their windows, from having broken roofs repaired, broken plates replaced, and that makes them, sometimes, ungracious and impatient with visitors, especially with such as ask unintelligent questions and demand endless explanations.

The cow-house that Haskel took us to proved the finest building of all, and Mr. Weinstein stood open-mouthed for a minute, regarding the rows of huge sleek black-and-white cows in their clean stalls. A boy who was swabbing the walls at the other end came up to us, and Haskel greeted him joyously:

'Why, it's Shelomoh! Just tell my passengers something about the group, will you—only a few words. This is Shelomoh Haree, one of the first settlers here.'

We shook hands, and the boy said, after a look had passed between him and Haskel:

'I suppose I must speak English. Please forgive if it is not so very correct. These are cows from Holland—this one here, she gives four thousand kilogram—and that one is the best in Palestine, she gives six thousand kilogram of milk in one year.'

'Do you sell it all as milk?'

'Mostly. In Jerusalem.'

'And do you get fair prices?'

'Oh yes. We take it to town in our own car and our own co-operative society sells it. Beside the dairy we have fruit-trees. We can go out this way.'

He led us out and across the yard, past a wooden shed. I peered in through the window.

'Do you wish to go in? It is the eating-room. This is old, you understand, but the children's house is new, and you noticed the newness of the cowhouse, what?'

The room was quite bare, long tables covered with oilcloth and narrow benches without backs stood in it, nothing more. We went on.

'All this ground is orchards, up to that rock—there, where you see the little white figures.'

'Are they children?'

'Yes, they are our school—with the teacher. She teaches them in the free air when it is possible. Well, higher up we have implanted forest trees—all the trees what you can observe from here we have implanted. It was all naked like what you see there'—pointing to the western slopes beyond the road—'and now it is forest.'

'Forest is good!' said the American. He had the grace to say it *sotto voce*, however.

'And what do the orchards yield you? What fruit are they?' asked my husband. We had come to the end of the yard and were looking across the barbed wire at rows of little trees, very neatly kept, and docketed.

'They are apples and pears, and plums and cherries.'

'Citrus fruit would not grow here in the hills, you know,' Fisher, my Austrian friend, put in.

'And we get good prices for these fruits in the town; one cherry-tree can nourish one family, you know—I mean support,' he corrected himself hastily, seeing our blank looks.

'Say, this interests me,' put in Fisher. 'Professor Mead, of the American Survey Commission, thinks that your fruit-trees will only bear for three or four years; he says the roots will reach the gravel subsoil by that time and die. What do you think?'

'They will not die.' The young man's face flushed, but he spoke quietly. 'If they die after ten or twelve years, what matter? We can meanwhile put in new ones——'

'Shall we go on?' Haskel broke in tactfully. 'You said you had to be in Tel Aviv before ten, Mr. Fisher.'

'Oh, but we must see something more,' Fisher said. 'Perhaps the kindergarten?'

Shelomoh beckoned to two girls in white aprons passing across the yard. He made one of them take us to the kitchen, escaping himself, and ten minutes later we were rolling along the road again. The cook, a bewitchingly pretty girl, had proved much more voluble and friendly than the others, and she had also made a young man come along and talk, and had shown us the infant school in the pretty and spacious masonry house of the children.

'They certainly make an excellent impression,' said my husband. 'So matter-of-fact, and everything so orderly—I wish I could see their book-keeping, though.'

At that moment we had a last good view of the settlement, and as I looked a thought struck me: the ground was all orchard and wood, a small space kitchen-garden. How did they feed their cows?—I asked Fisher, and he coughed behind his hand, with a meaning look at the cavilling American. So I did not press him for an answer then, but later I got it: they bought their hay in the Emek Yesreel, in the North. It had to be brought along by rail and motor-van, and Fisher said he was afraid their milk cost them quite as much as they got for it.

'But this is ghastly!' exclaimed my husband. 'Then they are doomed, and they seemed so happy and contented. What will happen?'

'Nothing for a while,' said Fisher. We were sitting on a pierlike structure above the water, on the beach in Tel Aviv, and sipping 'Gazoze,' the national drink, a sort of lemonade. We had got rid of Mr. Weinstein on our arrival, and had made this appointment with the pleasant Austrian for the evening. The beach and coffee-houses were thronged, and not a few Arabs were enjoying the seaside life and amenities in this purely Jewish town.

They came from Jaffa close by, I heard, but in summer there were many Egyptians and Syrians also.

'How nothing?' my husband persisted.

'I wonder how much you know about these collectivist settlements?' the other asked.

'That both land and stock as well as the private property brought in by the members are common to all, are cultivated by all, and the income is used by all alike, and that the business of the village, division of work as well as administration, is decided in general meetings that take place every evening.'

'Have you been to one of these councils or meetings?'

'Yes, in Daganian. We did not understand everything, but we were much struck by the fact that there seemed little discussion, let alone squabbling. Only it lasted so long. They must be tired next day, and it is impossible that they should work as if they had had their normal sleep.'

'Oh well, you must remember that the majority of these young people are intellectuals by birth and education, and Russian intellectuals at that. They are cut off here from every intellectual pursuit except reading—and talking; from everything remotely resembling the uplift beloved of the Russian and the Jew. Is it so very reprehensible that they should create occasions of this kind? But I wonder that they talked so very long in Daganian, for Daganian is the queen of Kevutzot (groups) and Baratz—did you see Baratz, the founder? No? Then you have missed something. That is a man in a million. Nothing to look at—except the steeliest of blue eyes and a remarkable smile, perhaps—just a fair, wiry, rather-dried-out man of middle age. But he is at the back of about everything that has been done in the co-operative line in this country—settlements, and libraries, and hospitals and consumers' co-operatives, and what not. Yet to see him in his overalls behind the plough, or doctoring the motor—you would not think he was anything but a ploughboy or a mechanic. A great man—and a saint. He has made Daganian—you know it is one of these groups that stand on their own feet, that are paying concerns. Many others still suffer from beginners' mistakes and lack of equipment—'

'But is farming ever a going concern nowadays?' I asked.

'This crisis is not confined to the co-operative groups, is it?'

'I don't say so,' Fisher informed me. 'But there are forms of farming, for instance orange growing, that do pay. Why experi-

ment with money wrung from stones, with forms of farming and with methods that are so uncertain ?'

'You were going to tell us about Kiryat Anavim,' my husband reminded him.

'Oh yes. Well, I wanted to say this: the essence of life in these group settlements is the spirit of good fellowship, of love, even of sacrifice; it is not merely the double ideal—national rebirth and social justice—these young people serve—it is the close tie of personal friendship that makes the whole thing possible. This has been amply proved. Where the group was close knit and homogeneous from the beginning without fluctuation in membership, it has gone through terrible crises unscathed, has triumphed over impossible conditions. Where it was a casual and heterogenous jumble, even if the single elements were excellent *per se*, it has been a failure from the first. In spite of coddlings and frequent "revivals by drugs" (that is what the settlers themselves graphically call the gift of a large sum by the Zionist organisation, which merely prolongs the death agony)—in spite of such palliative measures, the settlement is at last given up. Now you have seen yourselves that Kiryat Anavim belongs to the first category, the close-knit, brotherly sort. It was sheer idiocy to found a dairy-farm in those hills, of course. But now that it has been done—you saw how proud those poor boys are of it!—it has to be kept up until the orchards can support the group. Who could have the heart to tell those young people who have given their best years, their health, to an idealistic venture—"You must leave. You are not making good!"'

'But there seems doubt about the orchards too?'

Fisher sighed. 'Mistakes will always be made in a new venture of this sort, of course. Perhaps we have made more than was necessary. Only you must remember—our share of problems was also more than the average. There are those of the land—the lack of water, the poverty of the soil, the Arab populace. There are those of the people—their urban extraction which spells lack of experience, and their radical ideology. Dr. Mead well describes them as "people-poets, reformers, labour and social leaders." And there are the problems of the British administration: its passivity especially, not to call it by a worse name.'

'I can't help it, my impressions were good in most of the groups, and superlative in Gan Shmuel and Dagania. Also in the Emek,' said my husband. 'Success is not merely a matter of

debts and credits, though I am the last to deny their weight. But there are imponderable items that are just as important; crazy enthusiasm, youthful toughness, the will to succeed, the demoniacal strength of the possessed—these are factors that will move mountains. In the long run they must influence the uptake.'

I thought of a concert we had witnessed in Ayn Harod, one of the communal villages in the Emek, that valley east of Haifa where most of these groups congregate, and of the charm and swing of the evening, of the intense joy, the ecstatic happiness and abandon of all those young people who had been working like niggers for ten hours. The string quartette played Bach—and it was marvellous to me how the knotted fingers of those field labourers had kept their cunning; how the ears of the listeners, used so long to the chuff-chuff of the motor, the creak and stamp of machinery, the whistle of the kites and the howling of the jackals—how these could so raptly take in the difficult and austere music. When later they danced their Horra in the moonlight, clasping each other round the waist and forming a huge circle, madly yelling and stamping—I wondered at the wealth of animal life still bubbling up in this generation that seemed so effete and emasculate in Europe.

There must be strange virtue in this old soil still—surely this land and this people will live!

PAULA ARNOLD.

GRAND'MÈRE'S DAY OUT.

BY W. M. LETTS.

GRAND'MÈRE had a cold. That was the beginning of the trouble. She tried not to sneeze. She did it daintily as a cat sneezes. But her son heard her. Arnold asked questions in that rather severe voice of his which he used for clients who did not know their minds architecturally, for Arnold was, and is, as all Hambleby knows, an architect.

Grand'mère over the top of a lace handkerchief lifted speedwell-blue eyes to her son. She sometimes wondered at what point of their lives he had begun to frighten her.

'You have a cold?' he asked.

'Perhaps a slight cold,' she said.

'How did you get it?'

'Oh! my dear, in February . . . one must expect them.'

They were all at dinner, that formal dinner which the L'Esterre family shared in the late evening. Her son, her daughter-in-law, her two grown-up grandchildren gazed at her with condemning eyes. It was her first evening, her arrival for that annual visit which she paid from her Devonshire home to her son's house in Hambleby.

'How your mother-in-law must look forward to her annual visit to you,' said the Hambleby visitors to Mrs. L'Esterre, when they came to her Thursday night *salon*.

'Dear Grand'mère! Well, yes. Her life in her Devonshire cottage is very charming. Indeed, we have to urge her to come to us. We must not let her rust, must we? And then I do want to keep her in touch with her grandchildren. They are such modern young people. And she, the darling, is, of course, so Victorian . . .'

At which point murmurs of 'wonderful' filled the air, for 'wonderful' was the Hambleby word at this moment of time. Everyone told Madeleine L'Esterre that she was wonderful, and perhaps she really was. Then her elder children were described by the same vague praise, and old Mrs. Lester, who had quietly refused to go back some generations to the French version of her name, was wonderful too.

At this point of the story, she, having just sneezed at her first

dinner, felt guilty and ashamed. A cold in the head is always an abject thing, ugly and infectious and generally noxious, and she knew that to this she must add the further miseries of an inquisition into its cause. Of course she knew how she had caught it. She had been beguiled by a warm February day to linger in her garden. She was putting down cuttings of Escallonia for a hedge she was planning. Yes, she could prove that they would start in February. The earth smelt so good, and the crocuses were out, and the black-bird sang so divinely from the prunus top, that she decided to have tea out of doors. She knew quite well that Sarah, her maid, had advised against it. But the sunset behind the bare trees had been worth a cold. Of course she had caught it that way.

'I suppose you were gardening in the afternoon?'

Why, she wondered, was her son a born inquisitor. She looked around at eight hard, enquiring eyes, and a wave of homesickness, the long homesickness of widowhood, made her own eyes smart with tears. Her husband would have laughed and said—'Little wretch!'
and patted her hand and threatened her with hot punch.

'Yes,' she answered, 'I'm afraid I was gardening rather late, Arnold. It was so mild, I got deceived by the day.'

'When will you learn sense? I wouldn't be surprised if you had tea out, or some such folly—did you?'

Grand'mère's ready blush had betrayed her.

'I believe I did. Oh, please don't blame Sarah, she tried to dissuade me. But the first tea out of doors is such a treat.'

She looked round eagerly for sympathy. But John, her grandson, was being fastidiously surprised.

'I haven't the picnic habit, Grand'mère. It's a Victorianism.'

'You don't dine out of paper bags, do you, John?' said Ann, his sister.

But Madeleine, her daughter-in-law, reserved the right of summing up; the art, so tactfully exercised, of making Grand'mère feel that she had been silly and inconsiderate.

'Well, we must take care of you, Grand'mère, and be just a little strict. You see, we had so many plans and interests for you, Ann's picture show and her little lecture in the afternoon; and then John's recital. And I should like you to meet my friends on Thursday evening. I think after your country life you will like all the vigour and movement here. Hambleby is really a wonderful place.'

Again that word 'wonderful.' Grand'mère had heard it ever

since her first meeting with 'the wonderful girl,' Madeleine Briscoe, whose father was the great architect of that new and wonderful town Hambleby which grew up round the jam and jelly factories and gardens of old Mr. Hambleby, the very rich man who dreamed of a model city.

Mr. Hambleby's money led to a wonderful town, all planned by Mr. Briscoe who died rather early and gave free rein to his son-in-law, who, having gone to Sweden, came back with ideas. It must be said for Arnold Lester, the young man who entered Mr. Briscoe's office, that his chief's daughter took him in hand and proceeded to make him 'wonderful' with a serious purpose that was irresistible. She married him and then proved that his name was really L'Esterre. French ancestry must have its due, and who would not prefer Grand'mère to Grannie, especially as the children always had a Swiss nurse or governess?

Grand'mère as a widow was more amenable than she was as the wife of that ordinary and pig-headed old Mr. Lester, who laughed at Hambleby and called his wife 'Grandma' in a vain effort to be funny. He laughed at his son Arnold, and at the French-jabbering little grandchildren who were brought up according to all the latest theories. He still talked of 'spanking,' and thought spoilt children naughty rather than delicate. Above all, he seemed to think his wife a model for all other wives, and said so even before Madeleine, whom Hambleby society proclaimed as 'wonderful.'

He was a tiresome old gentleman and died conveniently of a heart attack, leaving his wife just enough money to live quietly in the cottage in North Devonshire. The cottage was called Lupins, because the long garden had a marvellous border of them, and because tree Lupins rioted up to the height of the thatch in the little front garden.

But Grand'mère still wept for the stout, bald old gentleman who called her 'my chuck' and 'poor little thing,' and thought her jams and cakes the best ever made. Best of all to her, he always laughed at her jokes. When she went to Hambleby she came back with little stories of the great folk there, and they both laughed and felt very happy in the low-ceilinged rooms with their lamps and old-fashioned ways.

'Oh, James, I shall never be wonderful or modern or clever!'

Grand'mère used to say to him, 'and I am so glad you are Victorian too.'

Then they would kiss like the silly, happy old folk that they were.

But all that was years ago and now Grand'mère was a widow and treated so kindly by the younger generation.

'Well, Mother, you ought to know better, and I hope to goodness we won't get your cold. I can't shake them off,' her son reproved her.

'We can all gargle disinfectants,' said Ann, 'it would be too awful if I got a cold before I give my lecture. Because I've got just to tell people what to think about art.'

'I daresay Grand'mère will stay in bed for a day or two, that will be wise for us all,' Madeleine decided in that patient, tactful voice of hers.

This, then, was the fate of Grand'mère, to be confined to bed in a nice modern room with Cubist pictures on the wall and a gas fire. And who, after all, having incurred family vengeance by getting a cold, could ask for more?

They came to see her one by one, and told her she *must* be careful and run no risks. In the evening her son, the architect, would sit by the gas fire, puffing at his cigarette.

He was always vaguely aggrieved by the effort to adapt himself to progress.

He had been brought up on Shakespeare by his mother. His rare visits to London had meant the Old Vic. He connected his mother with Beatrice in *Much Ado* or with the wise jocund nurses and female friends of the heroines. Then when he went to Hambleby and was taken in hand by Madeleine he was made to think Bernard Shaw 'a far, far greater thing.' He was taken, too, to see Ibsen plays, and in a tense seriousness he shared his young fiancée's thoughts on life and on marriage. Now his own children expected him to say the correct things about Strindberg and Pirandello. It had tried him, and he found a sort of grumbling relief in his mother's room.

The youngest and most welcome visitor was Pamela, that curious changeling-like child, who had thrust a belated appearance on the family stage. Her health had made her a frequent visitor at Lupins, and those crudities of the child which galled others were accepted tenderly by the old people. Her name of 'Honeybun' started with the grandparents and remained an irritation to Madeleine, who had at least given the child a fashionable and refined name.

But Pamela, in spite of her name, was given to untidy and crude tastes which centred on stray dogs, rabbits, and caterpillars. She brought herself and her much-thumbed lesson books to her grand-

mother's room every evening. There was some deep sympathy between the two. And after one of those winter days when the smell of spring had ended in a warm evening, Pamela said gruffly:

'It's wicked to keep you in bed, Gran-gran. Why don't you rebel and come out with me and Ponto?' (Ponto being the last adopted mongrel.)

'Your mother is so anxious for me to be well for the lecture, I have to be careful, Honeybun.'

'But, Gran, you'll hate the lecture and you would love the Ballet. I know they're going up to town for it on Wednesday. But I was told not to tell you. They're taking me for my birthday treat, and Mother thinks you'll want to go, so I shouldn't be telling you, but I am, you see! We'll go up in the morning because I have to go to the dentist. I do think it's mean to leave you in this room all the time with the horrid old gas fire heating it up . . . and no sort of fun.'

Grand'mère pondered this in silence for some minutes. Then she said:

'Honeybun, would you get me my writing-pad and pen? And will you slip out . . . quite quietly when you air Ponto, you know, and post a letter for me?'

Pamela's green eyes glittered.

'Oh! Gran, you naughty old darling, you're up to some lark! Aren't you a wicked old lady?'

Among her fleece of Shetland wool, Grand'mère sat with sparkling eyes. She took her pad and pen and wrote the following letter.

Bed. Hambleby House.

MY DEAR ROGER,—

Will you come to the rescue of a distressed old lady who is being killed by kindness in her son's house? You are seventy-four and I am seventy-three. Let us run away together even if it's only for a day. This is the home of all the Muses—but oh! they are such cold company.

Roger, my dear, in the old days when you stayed with us both, how happy we were, our silly jokes, our careless outdoor ways. We never bothered about colds. We went to bed, took hot drinks and laughed at our colds. We laughed at each other, didn't we? and pulled the devil by the tail. My dear . . . they are so good, so solemn, these young people, with their pointless pictures and their tuneless music and their self-conscious books. The truth is I want to go to London and have a day out. Let us lunch on

'sausages and mashed' and Bath buns. I could go to town by the train after they leave on Wednesday. Meet me at Waterloo at twelve, then amuse me, please. I shall get back before they return and be found in bed in due order. But oh! I must escape. Honeybun, the dear child (she is going to be *the* beauty and original member of a most conventionally modern family), will post this and help me in every way. Do agree.

Your old friend,

'MRS. LUPIN.'

Pamela watched her grandmother shrewdly as she wrote.

'You're writing to that nice fat old gentleman who used to stay with you and Granddad at Lupins. He called you "Mrs. Lupin" and you called him "Roger." Do you want to meet him, Gran?'

'Yes, dear. He loved your grandfather. And he is connected with happy old days. He stayed with us once when he was having what is called a nervous breakdown. We have been friends ever since. There—post it, and if a wire comes to-morrow, bring it to me yourself.'

But Fate does not always prosper old ladies. Mrs. L'Esterre, passing through the hall, saw her younger daughter meeting the telegraph boy, a friend of that democratic young person. The mother interrupted a discussion on canaries and asked for the telegram.

'It's for Gran,' said Pamela, clutching it.

'I hope it is nothing alarming. I will give it to Grand'mère.'

'Oh no, Mother, I promised . . . I mean, I always bring Gran up her post. I'm sure it's nothing. But Tommy Banks can wait . . . he could be looking at my rabbits if he likes . . . do you hear, Tommy?'

'Pamela! go upstairs at once. How *do* you become so intimate with these messengers? I will come to your grandmother.'

Grand'mère, sitting up in bed, was given a much crumpled envelope by a flushed granddaughter. Mrs. L'Esterre's grave face that was always ready for the wise and comforting remark was framed by the door.

'For me?' asked the old lady with dramatic surprise. She read the words 'I meet your train Waterloo Wednesday. Hurrah. Sausages and mashed. Ballet. Roger.'

'I hope not bad news, dear mother?' from the door.

'Oh no, my dear, just a wire from my . . . my man of business

about a little matter on which I had to consult him. There is no answer, thanks. Don't look distressed, Madeleine, I am quite reassured.'

The elderly deceiver slipped the telegram into her book. Oh for a real fire that might burn it. She must reduce it to ash with the gas fire. Madeleine left the room, a little pained by this lack of confidence. Pamela, in an explosive condition of laughter, hugged her grandmother.

'Oh! you naughty old lamb, I couldn't keep my face!'

'Dear Honeybun! It was all perfectly true. He *is* my man of business. I consult him about everything. But now, dear, I wonder if you could order a taxi to fetch me after you have started. You'll know the right time.'

'Yes, Gran. I do love being your accomplice.'

'I think it's worth a new rabbit, Honeybun. Not that I'm bribing. You act from love, I know. Still if a rabbit would be welcome . . .'

'How lovely! A black fellow, and I'll call him Roger.'

That was on Tuesday. Wednesday saw a stirring in the household and soon after the old lady's breakfast Madeleine appeared at the door.

'Dear Grand'mère, we do so hate to leave you alone . . . if only you had been careful and avoided this cold. But we have to go to town. Pamela has to see the dentist and some clothes must be got. We shall not be back till about dinner-time. But you will prefer your quiet day, I know. Indeed, I quite envy you your time in this room, the leisure to read and write, to set your house in order. I wish I could stay with you quietly.'

Grand'mère prevented further regrets.

'Yes, I know, dear, but I shall be quite happy. Don't worry about me at all. I can always amuse myself splendidly. Have an easy mind, dear Madeleine, and enjoy yourself. It is so good for people to enjoy themselves.'

Madeleine looked pained. Mrs. Lester had such a tactless way of talking about things as mere enjoyment.

'Of course it's my duty to go,' she explained, 'but Susan, the maid, will look after you. I said you'd be in your room to-day, keeping very quiet, so that you'll be fresh for all the stimulus of the pictures and Ann's lecture to-morrow. And perhaps, Grand'mère, if you're *very* good and quiet to-day you shall come down to my little *salon* to-morrow night.' Madeleine paused for the grateful

exclamation which was duly uttered. 'Yes, we shall have a lion here to-morrow night. Mr. Baxter, of the New Publishing house. It really is an honour. He is a man of the moment. He produces so much young, live literature. John has met him, and I feel the meeting may be of real value to John. He will understand the boy. He is a modern, though an elderly man, I believe. So if you are really well, Grand'mère, you will be able to look on at our young people in their active phases.'

Grand'mère did not interrupt. She only said gently :

'Dear, you mustn't miss your train in your thought for me.'

After the door closed things happened, and continued to happen.

Susan, the maid, bringing up a cup of beef tea, was surprised to find Mrs. Lester dressed in a fur-trimmed coat and a pretty bonnet adorned with purple pansies. The old lady was putting amethyst earrings into her ears.

'Oh, ma'am !' said Susan, 'the mistress said you'd be in your room all day.'

Mrs. Lester turned a slightly confused countenance into her wardrobe.

'Well, Susan, I have some business to discuss with my adviser. The day is so fine and I am so well I thought I would go out a little. We needn't worry the mistress about it. I shall be back before her return. Miss Pamela ordered a taxi, indeed I hear it now, Susan. And . . . Susan . . . shall I take an umbrella ?'

'Yes, ma'am, it would support you if you felt weak. Oh dear, ma'am, I hope I'm right to let you go. But you're so cooped up here—both Cook and I said it, and it was time you got air. Only don't overdo yourself, ma'am. I don't know as the mistress would agree to it.'

'We won't bother her, Susan. Now, my dear girl, I'll just go off, and don't worry about me.'

An hour and more later, two joyful old people, both in the seventies, met and greeted with the joy of school-children on an escapade. The old gentleman was stout and a little asthmatic, but he hobbled along briskly, and he depended on taxis.

'Oh ! Roger—mayn't we ride on a bus ?'

'Too draughty, my dear. A taxi, please.'

Later there was a lunch, not sausages, but excellent chicken and a white wine and eggs stewed in cream, and coffee as a conclusion.

Still later a young woman turned her opera glasses on to a couple of old people in the stalls of a theatre.

'Mother, there's an old lady down there so very like Grand'mère. She looked up just now.'

'What stuff!' said Pamela, 'how could it be Gran?'

'Well, you look, Pam! There's a bald old gentleman with her, he's laughing.'

'My dear Ann, why should you suppose your grandmother had got out of bed to come to a ballet with a strange old gentleman?' Madeleine was tired, and her children seemed to her to be foolishly flippant. One might discover deep symbolism in the Ballet.

'There, she looked round—and it was just Grand'mère's profile . . .'

But the curtain began to rise, and Ann was silent.

'I'm glad I had tea in the theatre,' said Grand'mère, hurrying to her own platform. 'They are sure to have tea in town and come later. Here we are, Roger, a nice empty first! Oh! how I've enjoyed myself! It was like a fairy-story, like my garden flowers dancing. It has been worth this visit. I shall think of it all at Lupins as I sit by my fire at night. Now, dear Roger, . . . don't wait.' The old lady leaned out of the window. 'Oh! Roger . . . I'm lost! I see Madeleine, she's coming up to the barrier . . . in the squirrel coat. I must hide, what shall I do? They're all there, and we shall all get out at Hambleby!'

The old gentleman gasped.

'They've turned back—they've forgotten something. You're saved! The gate is closed now. You're starting. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Lupin. You're off. Bless you!'

Grand'mère, having had her day, like the proverbial dog, began to feel uneasy about the consequences. However, at Hambleby a porter called her a taxi and the driver was her friend of the morning, pleased to see her again. The old lady usually found friends on her path. Arrived at the house, she was welcomed warmly by Susan.

'I have the kettle boiling, ma'am, just ready for a cup of tea for you up in your room. And you'll rest up there and not be a pin the worse.'

Accordingly Grand'mère was sitting by her gas fire, refreshed and calm, knitting and reading when sounds from the hall announced the arrival of the rest of the family.

Madeleine came in, dignified and benign.

'Dear Grand'mère, it's so restful to find you sitting here with your knitting after our weary day in town.'

'Why weary, my dear? Surely you enjoyed yourself?'

'I don't know. It is one's duty, of course, to keep up with modern movements and to see every Art in progress. We took Pamela to the Ballet. But a life of thought and books is the really worth-while life. . . .' There followed the sigh of the wife and mother who is denied these things.

Mrs. Lester knitted swiftly (purl, plain, purl, purl).

'You caught your train easily?' she asked.

'Ah! that was the weariness. I would have caught the five-thirty, but at the barrier I found I had left my bag with my purse in the refreshment-room. So we all had to go back and wait there for the six. It was so tiresome after the long day.'

Grand'mère smiled at Pamela who was watching her with a disconcerting smile. Ann had strolled in with her sleek-headed air of self-importance, and a cigarette hanging out of very red lips.

'How much you have read and knitted and how many wise thoughts you will have for us, dear Grand'mère, after your quiet day—so fruitful, I'm sure. Susan says you enjoyed your tea and she assured me she looked after you.'

'Oh! splendidly, dear——' The knitting needles clicked nervously.

'You weren't dull or lonely at all?'

Pamela chuckled and coughed suddenly.

'Lonely? Oh, no!'

So far so good! But what took John to break into the room with his grandmother's umbrella in his hand?

'I say, here's Timmins, the taximan, saying an old lady from this house left an umbrella in his taxi to-day. Here it is.'

'Nonsense,' said Madeleine, 'take it back to him. No old lady was out in his taxi—he's dreaming. . . .'

'He says "the little girl"—Pam, I suppose—ordered him for the old lady this morning, and that he brought her back from the five-thirty just now. Who is the mysterious old lady in the house besides Grand'mère?'

Grandmother and grandchild exchanged one tormented glance. Madeleine gazed at the umbrella with cold attention. Ann, sitting on the bed, dropped her ash on the carpet and smiled like a young sphinx.

Purl, plain . . . then Mrs. Lester dropped her knitting. Her voice trembled a little as she spoke.

'He's quite right. Please thank him, John, for me. Oh . . . and a shilling, please. I must explain, Madeleine.'

'Yes, Mother. I must say I am deeply puzzled, and wait your explanation.'

'I wanted to go to town. I had business to discuss, and I wanted to see our old friend Mr. Roger Turnbull. He . . . he wired yesterday. So . . . so I asked Pamela to get me a taxi—'

'And bound her to secrecy?' asked Madeleine with an Arctic wind in her voice.

'I told her not to worry you. It is a mistake . . . a kind one, all this coddling. But I prefer to go about now—I wished to meet Mr. Turnbull and discuss matters—'

'I see no reason, I confess, Grand'mère, for this deception . . . or diplomacy, if you prefer. May I ask—did we see you at the Ballet in the stalls?'

Old Mrs. Lester was at bay. She had her back firmly against the cushions, but her limbs trembled. Her teeth could have chattered with fear.

'Yes. I enjoyed it thoroughly, as I hope you did.'

There was silence. Ann laughed shortly. Her mother frowned.

'For the future, Mother, I hope you will express your wishes and not resort to so much diplomacy. Of course we would have brought you to the Ballet had we known you wished to go, and had we considered you well enough. But if you get pneumonia after this a great anxiety will be thrust upon us at a busy time. I thought your consideration for your son would have influenced you, even though I cannot claim any.'

Old Mrs. Lester's eyes smarted with tears. Her lips trembled.

'You are unfair to me,' she said, 'I only wanted to have my day off and not worry you. Please understand that I *alone* am to blame. My dear Pamela acted merely at my request.'

'Pamela should have consulted me.'

'Oh! Mother—'

'Silence, please, and go and get ready for your supper. I will leave you, Grand'mère, and bid you good night. I am deeply pained, irreparably so, by your lack of confidence in me.' With a gesture, Madeleine left the room. All displeasure was in her quiet closing of the door.

Ann laughed.

'Oh! Grand'mère, what a naughty old lady!' She kissed her grandmother lightly and went out.

After the gong had sounded a tear-stained child in a dressing-gown came in and flung muscular arms round a weeping grandmother. They hugged each other and rocked to and fro, comforted by their love in this joint disgrace.

Susan, with a tactful air of not seeing the tears, brought in a restrained little dinner, fit for an invalid.

'You know, Gran, you *must* keep the flag flying,' the child assured her, 'you must hold your own from to-morrow.'

The next day had spring in the air. The thrushes were rapturous over it. The garden showed little attempts at colour in crocus and chionodoxas. Mrs. Lester, in the pretty bonnet, came down early to take her walk. Her daughter-in-law had the chastened air of one resigned to injustice. She spoke in a tired voice, like one convalescing cheerlessly from influenza.

'A walk, Grand'mère? Yes. About Ann's picture exhibition in the afternoon, you must do entirely as you please. And to-night Mr. Baxter dines with us. I do not think you will care about him. He is very modern, but . . . you shall please yourself. Now don't let me keep you from your outing. . . .'

So the old lady went to the flowers, foolish tears smarting behind her eyes, so well did she know her unspoken disgrace. Ah! well, the duty visit would soon be over and she would be back in dear Lupins with the memory of that friend and lover, her old husband. The soft wind made her pine for Devonshire. The cottage and the garden—dear, dear Lupins, and her books, and the lamp and the little maid with her Devonshire talk, and her birds. If she could bring Pamela back with her, how happy they could be.

How she longed to share Lupins with all the people she loved. She thought of a secret unshared by any but Roger, the faithful old friend, and smiled into a robin's beady eye.

The afternoon brought the opening (with tea to brighten it) of Ann's pictures. They were very conventional and implied that she could not draw. But she included a few admirable sketches of Hambleby houses to show that she could draw very well. Most of the pictures and their titles bore no relationship to each other. There was very much colour and here and there an outline or an eye, or a thing like a railway ticket. But the *intelligentsia* of Hambleby

said 'How clever she is' and 'How wonderful! So different from obvious representational art. This is so subtle.' Others bet their all on the colouring. 'Such a sense of colour she has! So vivid! So joyous! Ah! dear Ann, what a lovely, amusing blotch of orange you have here. It's all so *thrilling*.'

After tea Ann mounted a platform, took her long cigarette-holder from her mouth, powdered her nose, reddened her lips, and then said:

'Oh! beg pardon . . . Ladies and gentlemen, and dear people of Hambleby . . .'

Ann had been to school in France and she quoted French quite nicely, and her lecture was taken out of several approved books on Art and dished with that sauce of impertinence which she stirred rather successfully. After talking for half an hour, she got down from the platform and Mr. Baxter, the important new Publisher, made some remarks.

It was so difficult to know just what he meant that the audience had to pretend that they knew quite well, by some inward light of vision.

Returning to the house, the great man took Ann by the elbow.

'Being middle-aged, my dear lady, it seems just a bad joke when you really *can* draw. But then I distrust my own good sense. The middle-aged disliked Manet and Monet and were wrong. That is why I publish modern poetry—disliking it all the time!'

Dinner passed from course to course with a rather hectic glitter. Mrs. L'Esterre, really handsome in black velvet, had partially recovered from her spleen, and her manner resembled that of a mourner on the first sunny day after a wet funeral. She had a chastened cheerfulness. After all, Cook had really done the bisque beautifully, and the *méringues* were shaped rightly.

She leaned forward with a graceful effort to include her old mother-in-law and the very modern publisher in the same interests.

'And, Mr. Baxter, are you going to produce something for my mother-in-law to read in her cottage—such a charming spot. Surely you've a biography or something for her on your list?'

Mr. Baxter, monocle in eye, gazed at the old lady on the other side of the table. He became aware of her—a dear old lady in a black satin dress and a lovely Limerick lace scarf. She had childlike blue eyes, and such a pretty colour in her cheeks. He smiled at her.

'Yes, indeed we have. I must tell you. I have just confirmed my reader's decision to publish the book. It is charming. I

believe it will be a success and a pleasing contrast to the ultra-modern stuff which, of course, I produce. This is a garden book. Wait . . . they will always be popular while the Breed of Adam delves. It is a book written by an old lady in Devonshire to beguile her winter evenings. She tells us all about her cottage, her birds, her plants, her neighbours, and the days of her youth which were spent among many distinguished people of her day. . . .'

Mrs. Lester, with a flushed face, interrupted nervously :

'I love a garden book. I re-read Mrs. Earle, and I must say the early Elizabeth of the German Garden was charming, don't you think so, Mr. Baxter ?'

Madeleine looked pained. What a solecism on the old lady's part to interrupt their guest with these Victorian musings. She dealt her little reproof gently.

'I daresay Mr. Baxter agrees with you, Grand'mère, but we want to hear more of this book, don't we ? May we know the author's name and look out for it ? It shall go straight to my mother-in-law for her shelves.'

'Yes, the name is an English variant of your own. She is a Mrs. Lester, and the book is called *Lupins*, after her own house, I believe.'

So awestruck a silence greeted him that Mr. Baxter looked about him in surprise.

All eyes were fixed on Grand'mère. Then Ann broke noisily into speech.

'Well done, Grand'mère ! That's the second good joke you have brought off. What a dark horse you are ! Mother—Dad—did anyone suspect that Gran was writing a book ?'

Madeleine's voice fell clear and cold upon the laughter.

'Grand'mère has decided not to take us into her confidence. But we will be generous and make her the toast of the evening.'

Never was a toast less happy than the old lady whose glass was honoured that night. The weight of her guilt in Madeleine's eyes appalled her. And now she might not escape from her successes. She was the guest of the evening. Mr. Baxter would wait upon her, question her, rally her on her secrecy. She admitted that the book had only been handed to her old friend and adviser, Mr. Turnbull. He had never mentioned it to her since. She had just assumed that it was refused, and that no one cared for those lamplight musings which had amused herself in the long country evenings.

'I prophesy a success,' said the publisher, 'and congratulate

the family. But I must see your grandson's work. It would be amusing to produce your two generations in one season.'

John brightened and drew nearer. Grand'mère seized her chance. She pleaded a slight headache and made her excuses.

For once Ann heaved her long limbs out of a chair, discarded the cigarette-holder, picked up her grandmother's workbag and handkerchief and followed her upstairs and into her room.

'Dear Gran!' she exclaimed, 'you really have shown yourself too sporting for words these last two days! Speaking for *my* generation, we're proud of you! Don't mind Mother, you know she is Edwardian and rather oppressed by purpose and Fabianism and so on. Also being Eve's own daughter she's always jealous for her side of the family. But as we are your grandchildren, it's all one to me who has the brains.' She hugged an astonished old lady. 'You're a darling. I'll come and stay with you at Lupins.'

The long young woman reached the door. Her bare back looked rather thin and muscular as she stood thinking.

'Now I see why we young ones are so clever. It's *you*, Grand'mère . . . good night.'

A CONTRIBUTION TO 'CLARA GAZUL.'

IN the year 1830 a novel called *Clara Gazul* was published anonymously by the author at 16 Trevor Square, Knightsbridge. There do not appear to be any references to it in newspapers of that period and the book itself is very rare. My attention was first drawn to it by an advertisement in a secondhand book catalogue in which the statements were made that the book had been suppressed by the author, Harriette Wilson, and that no copy had ever been seen in an auction room. The latter statement is certainly incorrect, for a copy was sold at Sotheby's in 1894 for £1 2s. to a Mr. Howitt. On the same date Mr. Howitt bought what is catalogued as 'another edition, 1832' for £1 18s. Of this second edition I can find no trace, but the edition of 1830 has led me into some amusing bypaths of the early nineteenth century.

The British Museum, with proper caution, does not catalogue the book under Harriette Wilson's name, but under Gazul. There have been two objections to Harriette's imputed authorship. The first is that her *Memoirs* were written for her by Stockdale and that the novel, with its extremely interesting introduction, was from the same hand. The second is that there was no proof of her being at Trevor Square at the time of publication. I am myself satisfied that Harriette was responsible for the bulk of the *Memoirs* and the whole of the novel, and that Stockdale's part consisted in correcting her spelling and adding a few touches of his own. Her style is past correction. It is her own and inimitable. To correct it would be to re-write the book. I propose to give further reasons for this opinion later. There is also very sufficient proof of her residence in Trevor Square in 1829-30. On these grounds I shall allude to Harriette Wilson as the author of the *Memoirs* and of the novel *Clara Gazul* throughout these notes.

The *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson* appeared in 1825 and had an enormous success. Editions were published in Paris, Brussels and Stuttgart in the same year. These are all very well translated and each has a foreword by 'Thomas Little,' of whom I shall have a word to say later. As is well known, several public characters were implicated, or feared to be implicated, in the successive parts of the *Memoirs*—for they appeared in instalments—and contributed to stop any further publication. Harriette retired to Paris the richer for her adventure.

To judge by the newspapers of the period the noise made by the *Memoirs* was prodigious. By Monday, February 14, they had managed to create a scene in the House of Commons where Dr. Lushington made the uncalled-for statement that the University Club 'had ordered Harriette Wilson's *Memoirs* while a plain copy of the Bible was rejected.' This assertion was indignantly refuted by Mr. Bankes, member for Cambridge, who belonged to the club; but it was a good advertisement. *Bell's Life in London*, a Sunday paper with a large circulation, gave up its front page to reprinting selections from the *Memoirs* from February 13 to May 22. On February 27 it printed a very poor parody of Collins's 'Ode to the Passions' on Harriette Wilson, with undisguised references to her various admirers. Letters came pouring in from readers. 'An Old Subscriber,' annoyed by Harriette's account of the meanness of her sister Sophia (Lady Berwick), wrote to say how good Lady Berwick was to her family when they lived in Somers Town, frequently calling on them in her carriage and bringing them presents. 'Harriette Wilson's father,' he says, 'M. Debouché, long lived in May Fair, where he kept a small shop for mending, grafting and washing silk stockings.'

On March 20 'An Old Rake' wrote to point out some inaccuracies in the *Memoirs*. 'If this lady's memoirs had been complete, she perhaps might have recollected a little dirty girl whose name was Du Bouchet . . . she formerly got her living by mending and cleaning silk stockings at which she was very expert—she was never handsome, though she had good eyes, but was hog-backed, narrow-chested, and had an awkward shuffling gait and was not at all like the handsome portrait which is now published as that of H. W.' One would imagine that this nasty old gentleman had been at one time turned down by Harriette.

On the same date appeared a letter from S. Bertie Ambrosse. The meddlesome 'Old Rake' had written a few days previously to the *Morning Chronicle* stating that Ambrosse was the part author of the *Memoirs*, which Ambrosse promptly denied. He had, I think, been one of Harriette's protectors and there are jocular references about 'Ambrosial' in various doggerel poems on Harriette Wilson. As we shall see later, it was generally thought that she assumed the name Wilson (to which I find no other clue) while living with him.

On the same date Mr. Edward Ellice, M.P., forwarded to the Editor of *Bell's Life* a letter signed Harriette Rochfort, dated March

8 at No. 111 rue du Faubourg St. Honoré à Paris. In this letter Harriette asks him to send her £200 at once, or the last number of her *Memoirs*, in which he is 'quizzed most unmercifully,' will be delivered to the 'Edetor.' This would look like a sample of Harriette's spelling when Stockdale's eye was not on her. As for the unlucky Rochford, Rochfort or Rochefort, who was sometimes a Colonel and sometimes a Cornet, we shall hear more of him later. *Bell's Life* expressed the opinion that the whole thing was a hoax, 'first because Harriette can write in much better style; secondly because this lady's present name is not Rochfort but Rochford, and she could have no reason for mis-spelling her own name.'

In April the *English Spy* published a highly improbable account of Harriette's paternal grandmother. In a few words the story was that a beautiful girl named Debouchette was a *limonadière* at a place of public entertainment at The Hague. She had many admirers, but none succeeded till the Earl of Chesterfield, by a stratagem, obtained possession of her. She was afterwards supported by him and had a 'natural son, Mr. Dubouchette, whom report states to be the father of Harriette and her sisters.'

The accounts of Harriette's father are various, but according to most he was a Swiss. Some say—with what grounds I do not know—that he was a watchmaker, and, as we have seen, several writers to the newspapers maintained that he was a stocking-mender. Harriette, in her own delightful account of him, to which we shall come later, does not mention his profession. We do know that he lived at one time at 2 Carrington Street, Mayfair, as Harriette's birth is recorded in the Parish Register of St. George's, Hanover Square, on February 22, 1786.¹ In her own account of her early days, prefixed to *Clara Gazul*, she says that she lived at 23 Queen Street.

Towards the end of 1825, Sir Walter Scott wrote in his *Journal*:

'The gay world has been kept in hot water lately by the impudent publication of the celebrated Harriett (*sic*) Wilson. . . . She must have been assisted in the style, spelling and diction, though the attempt at wit is very poor and the pathos sickening. But there is some good retailing of conversations, in which the style of the speaker so far as known to me, is exactly imitated. . . . I think I supped once in her company, more than twenty years ago, at Mat Lewis's in Argyle Street, where the company chanced to be "fairer than honest." She was far from beautiful, if it be the

¹ Navarre Society's Edition of the *Memoirs*.

same *chiffonne*, but a smart, saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair and the manners of a wild schoolboy.'

His account of her corresponds with the engravings that are known. One is in the British Museum Print Room, published by Robt. Jones, but without the engraver's name. She is standing, full-length, richly dressed, carrying a shawl and reticule and has a mop of dark curly hair. In the Brussels edition there is a lithograph portrait by Burggraaf representing a woman with thick dark curly hair in a high-necked dress, sitting at a table with one hand to her face, rather as she describes herself in the *Memoirs*. It was probably pirated from an English portrait.

It is the 'good retailing of conversations' which makes me even more inclined to believe in Harriette's authorship of both *Memoirs* and novel. I do not think a man could imitate that slipshod, artless, but sometimes penetrating style. Such a phrase (occurring in *Clara Gazul*) as 'a talking at each other kind of conversation,' to describe a quarrel in which neither party addresses the other directly, is not to me a man's phrase.

During the following year, 1826, interest was not allowed to wane. *Bell's Life*, always ready to help Harriette to a little publicity, wrote an ode to Lord Glengall on his forthcoming comedy called 'High Life in London.' One verse runs:

What scandals that slut
Miss Wilson has put
In her book, and yet promised some new ones;
And what makes it worse
Is that *low wretch's* [wretches] curse
And swear that her libels are true ones.

In May, 1826, Mr. Fisher, the attorney of Lyme Regis whom, as readers of the *Memoirs* will remember, Harriette intended to consult about the allowance due to her from the Duke of Beaufort, brought an action against Stockdale, Harriette's publisher, in the Court of Common Pleas and got £700 damages. *Bell's Life* immediately published a doggerel poem entitled 'St-ckd-le and Harriette W-ls-n. A London Eclogue.'

Harriette and Stockdale are having a frugal tea in lodgings with 'the Colonel' of whose identity I am not quite certain—possibly Rochfort. Stockdale complains that by having to pay £700 to Fisher and £300 to Blore (who also brought a suit against him for libellous mention in the *Memoirs*), he is a fair way to lose all his profits. Harriette, with much spirit, answers—

- H. Baboon! your [*sic*] talking nonsense. Zounds!
 What is a paltry thousand pounds?
 Let them proceed, but don't you pay
 A single *sous* in any way.
 Place on my counsel full reliance,
 And set the rascals at defiance.
- S. But they will send me off to jail
 If I to pay the verdict fail.
- H. And let them send you, if they dare;
 I'd like to see them send you there.
- S. Perhaps you would; but I may wish
 You'd suffer also Mrs. —
- H. Pish!
 Why should I suffer, I who wrote,
 And for *your gain*, each anecdote.
 Your wish I think not only rude,
 But savours of ingratitude.

Harriette then tries to comfort Stockdale by suggesting that his new print of *Godiva* may recoup him for losses on the book. He says he is losing on both, although he has advertised the print as being done from Harriette herself.

- H. Baboon! Impostor! Hubble-bubble!
 You know my book has made you rich.
- S. You lie, you most infernal—

Kind reader, guess the word intended;
 Had he his sentence fully ended.
 But lovely Harriette, taking up
 Her tea, just poured into her cup,
 Discharg'd it in poor St-ckd-le's face.

Stockdale, fearing that Colonel might wake, escaped downstairs and ran straight into the arms of a bailiff.

For this piece of poetry Fisher managed to get damages against Clement, the proprietor and editor of *Bell's Life*, but he would have done better to leave matters alone. *Bell's Life*, not unlike some Sunday papers of our own time, enjoyed nothing so much as a good rousing libel action and retorted in the following year by having the suit re-tried in the Court of King's Bench on a Writ of Error. The Court reversed the judgment, upon which *Bell's Life* remarked:

'*Bell's Life in London* triumphant and the Lawyer floored.'

In 1828 the game was still afoot. The ill-advised Fisher again

appeared to try to get redress for what he considered the libel. To the impartial observer there is nothing injurious to Fisher in the 'London Eclogue' which only laughs at Harriette and Stockdale and their methods. All Fisher had to complain of was being mentioned in the poem at all. The Court upheld this view and *Bell's Life* came out with a leading article in a high moral tone, extolling itself as a *censor morum*.

In this and other ways Harriette had been kept well before the public. By 1829 she was back in London, bringing with her the Colonel or Cornet Rochfort and a French maid called Julia Le Toille. One of Harriette's brothers (about whom we do not know half enough) paid marked attentions to Julia. This unbrotherly action led to strong steps on Harriette's part and she and Rochfort found themselves in trouble with the police. Her old friend, *Bell's Life*, gave a spirited account of the affair.

Sunday, *February 15*, 1829.

'HARRIETTE WILSON ONCE MORE !

'The famous Harriette Wilson, alias Madame de Bouchere, alias Madame Rochfort, was on Thursday brought up to Marlborough Street before Mr. Dyer, the Sitting Magistrate . . . charged with assaulting a young French female, named Julia Le Toille, under the following circumstances. . . .

Madame Harriette was accompanied to the office by Mr. Rochfort. She was dressed in a fashionable black silk dress, with a rich cashmere shawl flung negligently over her shoulders, and her head surmounted by a huge French many-coloured bonnet, from the point of which hung a rich white silk veil, but of a texture delicate enough to afford a perfect and distinct view of the features of its owner.

Before the case was gone into Mr. Rochfort begged to address a few words to the Magistrate, for the purpose of stating that the name given to the lady, who was the defendant in the case, in the warrant upon which she was taken into custody, was not at all her proper name, nor did she ever, at any time of her life, bear the name of Wilson ; in fact, he said, his name was given, not with any view to the ends of justice, but to bring about exposure ; for the complainant knew full well that the lady's real name was Harriette de Bouchere, because she was well acquainted with Madame de Bouchere's brothers and other members of her family.

Clements, the officer, said that when he went that morning to the house of this lady, No. 16 Trevor Square, Brompton, accompanied by Andrews, another officer, he placed Andrews at the back

of the house to prevent the object of his search escaping that way, while he himself knocked at the street door' . . .

(16 Trevor Square, if the numbering has not been altered, is at the south-east corner, with a door built out on its south side.)

The sum of the complaint was that Julia, a girl of about 18, had been brought over from Paris by Mme de B. as a lady's maid, under a written agreement of 300 francs a year ; that Mme de B. had accused her of some improprieties, which had no foundation, had ordered her to leave the house at once, refusing to pay her wages, and on Julia's refusal had knocked her off a chair where she was sitting sewing, "flat onto the floor."

Harriette, in defending herself said that she had brought Julia to this country "to try to save her from the disgrace that must attach to her by remaining in her own, because there she had been guilty of the impropriety of having a child by a gentleman" [the one impropriety of which our H. herself appears never to have been guilty]. Harriette said she had discovered recently that there was some very improper understanding between the complainant and a brother of hers (Harriette's), the couple having remained out together till four o'clock in the morning, which determined her to dismiss the girl. As for the alleged assault, she said Julia had fallen flat on the floor on purpose, with a view to this charge. "All who knew her (Harriette) through life, knew very well that she was anything but of a violent or turbulent disposition ; indeed she was always remarkable for the mildness and gentleness of her nature."

The magistrate said she must put in bail to appear at the Sessions, one housekeeper of respectability being sufficient.

Harriette said she really did not know to whom to apply for such a purpose. "We have been upwards of seven years absent from this country, and we are almost, at present, foreigners in it ; and besides, I do not like troubling my friends upon such a matter : there are plenty of persons of the first consequence who would be happy to come forward, but I don't like to trouble them on so trivial an occasion."

Rochfort suggested that his and Harriette's securities together would be sufficient as she was a housekeeper.

Harriette, on being questioned, said she held her house on a lease for fourteen years and the furniture was her own and paid for. Clements, the officer, said the house was a very handsome one and richly furnished.

The magistrate agreed to take the joint recognisances of defendant and Rochfort, as the former was a housekeeper and the

latter swore that he had large estates in Ireland. Accordingly they "departed in a hackney coach as they came."

On reading the written agreement between complainant and defendant, the magistrate remarked that the lady was described as "Madame Rochfort" and asked Mr. R. if he were the husband of the lady.

Mr. R. replied he was not, though the lady was known by that name for some time in France.

The present appearance of this unfortunate woman makes it difficult to conceive that she could ever have been attractive either as to person or manner; her features are now ugly and coarse, her person bad and her manners vulgar, with a harsh discordant voice. She appears now about fifty-five years of age.

(This would have made her be born in 1774, which is impossible. The reporter may not have seen her very well through the veil, or she may have aged prematurely.)

The upshot of this unfortunate scene was a copy of verses in *Bell's Life* entitled 'Ode to Harriette Wilson, alias Made. de Bouchere, alias Made. Rochfort, on her late appearance at Marlborough Street Police Office.' It deals with the question of the various names she had borne and has a refrain to each verse of 'The sooner the better forgot.' One verse may serve a specimen.

'Next Wilson, all know that you took;
'Twas given by A-br-e (Ambrosse?) perhaps,
Who wrote that most exquisite book,
Brimful of lies, scandals and scraps.
The Colonel denies that you bore
That name, and perhaps you did not,
You certainly bear it no more—
"The sooner the better forgot!"'

On the same date Rochfort appeared at Marlborough Street to 'eat his words as to his possessions in Ireland.' He was a little confused; at first said the property belonged to his mother, then was not quite sure whether he had a mother or, if so, whether she had any property anywhere; and finally took refuge in asserting that the magistrate must have misunderstood him. He complained that he and Harriette were being inundated with anonymous letters of abuse. I know no more at present of Mr. Rochfort whom Harriette's French biographer calls 'un homme très inconnu.' He sounds to me a weak-minded gentleman who must often have regretted his association with the stronger-willed Harriette. Are

we to believe that he finally married her as the French biography states?

In the Rate Payers' List for 1829 I find Harriette De Bouchet as the tenant of 16 Trevor Square. She appears to have paid her rates regularly (the house was rated at £40 a year) and given no trouble. She left at midsummer, 1830, after the publication of *Clara Gazul*, and Trevor Square knew her no more.

Early in 1830 Stockdale was again in trouble with the police on the charge of assaulting a lawyer's clerk and brought a veiled woman to the Police Office with him, explaining that his motive in knocking down the clerk was to protect a helpless woman from whom money was being withheld. Sir Richard Birnie, one of the sitting magistrates, expressed his opinion that the lady was not Harriette Wilson as the clerk had stated, but hastily added that he could not be sure, 'as he had never had the honour of seeing the celebrated *belle*.' This is the last mention of Harriette that I can find in the London Press.

In all Stockdale's advertisements of the *Memoirs* and in every reference to them, I find that he is called indiscriminately 'publisher' and 'editor,' but never 'author' except in one case, an advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle*, where Stockdale calls Thomas Little the 'author of Harriette Wilson.' From looking at other books purporting to be by Thomas Little (a pseudonym which Stockdale seems to have borrowed unblushingly from Thomas Moore as a suitable name for erotic or amatory writings), I should say that the books attributed by Stockdale to Little were written by various hands. I have looked through one much-advertised work, *The Oxonian*, and there is certainly nothing in it remotely resembling Harriette's style. It is a dull mixture of flowery moral rhetoric, Greek and Latin quotations of an obvious kind, very boring philosophical reflections, and thoroughly coarse descriptions of the passions of love and sea-sickness. There is none of Sir Walter Scott's 'good retailing of conversations.'

We now come to the publication of *Clara Gazul* in 1830. The British Museum copy has all three volumes bound together, but I have seen another copy in the original boards, three volumes, bearing the label of the Lyme Circulating Library, where it was doubtless in much demand after Mr. Fisher's notoriety. It will be remembered that various people were glad to compound with Harriette for sums of money so that no further instalments of her *Memoirs* should be published. If, as seems possible, the London Chapters

of *Clara Gazul* are a *roman à clef*, it would have been well worth some people's while to pay for their suppression. It would require a far better knowledge of Regency society and literature than I possess to give names to the characters—and rather waste of time. The Duke of Inverary, for instance, may easily be a quite kind portrait of the Duke of Argyle under whose protection she lived for some time, and there are others who, by name or description, might well be living contemporaries. Even if half of them were likenesses, there would be enough reason for the originals to make up a purse and pay for the suppression of the book. Harriette says that her characters are drawn from living originals, but the trouble with our Harriette is that she believes everything she says, and in this we are unable to follow her.

The Introduction to *Clara Gazul* is the autobiography of Harriette Wilson up to the time when her *Memoirs* begin. The *Memoirs* begin as follows :

‘I shall not say why and how I became at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven. Whether it was love, or the severity of my father, the depravity of my own heart, or the winning arts of the noble Lord, which induced me to leave my paternal roof and place myself under his protection, does not now much signify: or if it does, I am not in the humour to gratify curiosity in this matter.’

The Introduction to *Clara Gazul* begins :

‘Though my *Memoirs* have long been before the public, I have not yet explained how and why I became the mistress of Lord Craven at the early age of fifteen, and the public is still ignorant whether it was love, the severity of my father, or the depravity of my own heart which placed me in that unfortunate situation. . . .

‘I am now disposed to gratify curiosity, provided the reader has the grace to attend to “a plain unvarnished” statement of facts which I will make as short as possible. I offer this in extenuation of my offences against the good order of society.

‘My father was a native of Vevey, and you all know, or you ought to know, that Vevey is a small town situated on the borders of the Lake of Geneva.’

Harriette goes on to explain that all her ancestors were of noble blood, but is unable to give any proof. Her family were, however, distinguished in other ways, for she proceeds :

‘My grandfather was the worst-tempered man in all the canton

and my father, John du Bochet, at the age of 13, left his parents' roof in search of adventures, never to return. His two Brothers soon followed his example and were not afterwards heard of.'

John, we learn, tried to join a recruiting party who were journeying towards Holland. They refused to take him on account of his youth, but treated him kindly, letting him travel with them and share their meals. Soon after arriving in Holland he had the luck to be engaged as military secretary to a Colonel. After some years in this service he fell in love with the Colonel's mistress and was surprised in her arms. A duel followed, the Colonel fell, and John was arrested. But,

'it is in the course of nature that we defend our own lives; my father fired and the guard fell dead at his feet . . .'

After this John's mind was 'deeply affected.' He wandered from Italy to Spain, then to America, then to Lisbon.

'At length he obtained a sufficient sum of money to embark with merchandise for England, on a speculation. The ship in which he sailed was lost in sight of Lisbon, but my father saved his life by his expertness in swimming, and found himself once more penniless on the shores of Portugal. In a few hours afterwards he announced himself to the principal inhabitants of the capital, as professor of algebra, mathematics, German, French, dancing and fencing, and soon obtained scholars in all these branches of education, saved money, and embarked once more for England.'

Here he met General Burgoyne, accompanied him to America as private secretary, but was lucky enough to be away on a mission at the time when the General was made prisoner. Returning to England he married a 'modest timid girl of 14, twenty years his junior.'

'I,' says Harriette, 'was their sixth daughter, and born on a Friday, the 2nd of February, 1786, at No. 23 Queen Street, Mayfair.'

We may add that this is about the only date which Harriette gives either in the *Memoirs* or in *Clara Gazul*. In any case it is inaccurate, as Friday, February 2, happened to be a Thursday in that year. Although she is known to have been born at 2 Carington Street, her family lived later in Queen Street as she states. The name John Dubouchet is in the Rate Payers' Lists for 1798-1800, though I have not ascertained what the whole length of his tenancy was. In the Introduction she speaks of having known Lord Craven and his brother all her life 'in consequence of their living in sight of our house and passing it

constantly.' Lord Craven's town house was 16 Charles Street, a large handsome house with a kind of obelisks outside the front door, looking directly down Queen Street, while Carrington Street (now demolished) is right at the other side of Shepherd's Market. The numbers in all three streets are unchanged since Harriette's time, and 23 Queen Street is still a shop.

She mentions four of her five elder sisters, Diana, Paragon, Amy and Fanny. If Harriette ever had any tendency to virtue, which seems improbable with such a father, her sisters' conversation and manners were enough to lead her astray.

'Morning noon and night I heard of nothing but the softness of Tom Sheridan's ¹ hand, the brightness of Berkeley Craven's ² eyes, etc. etc., and my elder sisters must still recollect how disgusted I used to be with their conversation, in return for which they called me "tell-tale and brown, ugly, straight-haired figure of fun."' "

Fanny had a love-letter from a cousin which she would read aloud to her sisters at night 'after undressing and cold-creaming her face for the freckles.' Regarded as a love-letter it was an unsatisfactory composition if we are to take Harriette's verbatim report of it after hearing it for the 'hundredth and fiftieth time.'

'The love that but seldom requires the making of apologies, is too frequently confounded in the attempt, whilst the gay and volatile, with hearts as light as their heads, pass over these matters with complete indifference, and escape with impunity. I should be happy to escape your censure, for daring to violate my engagement for our walk in the Green Park, but would fain convince you that the emergency of the case, etc., etc.'

Worn out by the nightly repetition of this passionate effusion, Harriette stole it and slipped it into a meat pie just before it was carried to the baker.

The effect of this hotbed of love conversation was that Harriette began to curl her hair and look slyly under her bonnet at men in the street. Her parents thought it advisable to send her to a convent abroad to be out of the way. Accordingly her father, to whom she was much attached in spite of the severe beatings he used to give her, took her by the Brighton coach to take ship for France. Sussex she found 'flat and ugly.' During a tedious three days' passage to Dieppe her father spent the first night on deck. Har-

¹ Thomas Sheridan, only son of R. B. Sheridan, 1775-1817.

² Hon. Henry Augustus Berkeley Craven, b. 1776, younger brother of the seventh Baron Craven who was afterwards first Earl of Craven.

riette felt very ill and remained in bed. A travelling companion, 'an aristocratical looking young stripling, handsome, graceful and particularly elegant in his attire,' passed the whole night by her side, paying her 'every kind of civility, handing tea and various refreshing scents from his magnificent dressing-case.'

At last an old lady interfered and sent a message to warn M. du Bochet against the aristocratic stripling's attentions. 'My father was annoyed and a kind of talking at each other conversation took place, in which my father had much the best of it.' However, a reconciliation took place at Dieppe.

The father and daughter went on to Rouen where Harriette was left with 'the Abbess of the celebrated Convent of St. Ursulines.' The only boarder among a hundred girls whom she liked was 'La petite Comtesse de Richmond.' Harriette became a great favourite with the Abbess, Madame Cousin, who gave her 'pralines, jelly, eau de Cologne and eau bénite,' besides procuring for her the privilege of frequently kissing the Archbishop of Rouen's shoe while she received his blessing, "'Bène, bène, sancto Spiritu," but I have forgotten my Latin.' She had several religious arguments with the Abbess's brother, confessor to the convent, a 'patient, willing, handsome priest' whom she persuaded to kiss her under the tolerant eye of the Abbess. Her entirely pagan point of view of religion made the priest laugh so much that he had to beg her not to argue any more.

According to her own account 'all I learned at the convent was the rule of three in the hopes of giving my poor father an agreeable surprise and the verbs "avoir" and "être" for which I received a shilling, and our little daily prayer for which I receive nothing.' Whether this convent existed outside Harriette's teeming imagination I do not know. As for her Latin, I do not believe she ever knew any, but French she certainly did learn fluently, and was quite at home in Paris when she went to live there in later years.

Thus well prepared to face life she returned to a 'very uncomfortable home. My sisters Amy and Fanny had both ran off; one with Mr. Trench, the other with Mr. Woodcock. Paragon and Diana still lived in all their purity, but they were both very cross.' Amy and Fanny and their lovers had already figured in the *Memoirs*.

To escape from this uncomfortable home life she took a situation as superintendent of the musical studies of young ladies at a 'certain elegant boarding-school near Bayswater.' After a gross insult from a low-bred French teacher she went back to her home where her father told her that being nearly fourteen she must earn her own

livelihood and not eat the bread of her younger brothers and sisters. M. du Bochet seems to have had no single redeeming quality.

Then follows an account of her experience as French teacher in the school of a Miss Ketridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. She travelled up in company with her old acquaintance Tom Sheridan, who begged to be allowed to correspond with her. Harriette, with much spirit, told him that if she had not wished to act rightly she would not have gone to Newcastle, as she 'found no lack of admirers in London who wished to get her under their protection.'

"But," she added, "I do want a love-letter so very bad to send to Fanny and read to her over and over again, to pay her for tiring me so with her cousin's effusion, till I was forced to put it into the meat pye."

Touched by this artless confession, Tom Sheridan promised to write her 'such a letter as would not offend my pride.'

Her description of Ketridge House is like a chapter out of *Jane Eyre*, except that Harriette has the sense of humour in which Jane was so deficient. 'I naturally seize upon the ludicrous points of any subject,' she wrote, 'with great quickness—'tis my forte or calling.' On her arrival she was shown through a wet kitchen which was being mopped clean for the following day, Sunday, into a large dismal parlour where Miss Ketridge and the English teacher Miss Macdougall, 'a fat smiling young lady in a Scotch plad [*sic*],' were at supper. Harriette was too tired after two days and nights in a coach to partake of Miss Ketridge's small beer 'which was very small indeed, or of her uninteresting little Dutch cheese.' The teachers were expected to have dressed and made their beds on the stroke of six. Then followed prayers and breakfast, which consisted of a little roll. Harriette asked for a slice of the large loaf which made Miss Ketridge and Miss Macdougall 'exchange significant looks.' After this a six- or eight-pound loaf was placed in front of her to shame her out of her appetite, but in spite of the tittering and laughing of the head teachers Harriette helped herself to a thick slice, remarking, 'Tis a brilliant invention, ladies, but you see it won't answer as I never will be the simpleton to quarrel with my bread and butter.'

The schoolroom was bitterly cold, the scholars 'a set of raw-boned, illiterate Scotch girls' and Harriette found she was expected to sew men's shirts while she listened to the children 'croaking their vile French.' The shirts were taken in by Miss Ketridge, who got

her teachers to make them and then pocketed the proceeds. Harriette's health suffered so severely that at last Miss Ketridge sent for the apothecary who recommended warm milk from the cow and early hours, whereupon Miss Ketridge advised Harriette to consult him no more, 'assuring me that too much sleep was very injurious.' However, in spite of this friendly counsel she grew worse and worse and was forced to return to London. Tom Sheridan, who had written her several long friendly letters, advised her to go on the stage. He said that she was very like Siddons and asked her to read some Shakespeare to him, promising that if he thought well of her he would use all his father's influence to get her brought out at Drury Lane.

Her mother consented to this proposal 'because his letters were so very kind and brotherly, and we had known Tom Sheridan, with Lord Craven and his brother Berkeley, all our lives, in consequence of their living in sight of our house and passing it constantly.' One would like to know more of Mrs. Du Bochet. Tom Sheridan was delighted with the reading, and discovered 'that I had a turn for low comedy, as well as a beautiful voice for tragedy.' Harriette 'managed a sort of costume to play Falstaff, with a pillow shut up in the coachman's large waistcoat' while Tom read the part of King Henry (a slip probably for Prince Hal). 'I knew,' says Harriette, 'that Falstaff, as far as manners went, was always a gentleman, and would not have laughed at his own wit or humour,' so she managed to keep a steady face while Tom laughed till he cried. The relations between Tom and Berkeley and the Du Bochet girls seem to have been very agreeable. Greville says of Berkeley Craven: 'He was very popular, had been extremely handsome in his youth and was a fellow of infinite pleasantry and good humour.' The young men probably found these girls, who were safely below their own station, very diverting companions, and if we are to take Harriette's account of Tom Sheridan, behaved quite sufficiently like gentlemen to them.

The inevitable family scene now took place. Mrs. Du Bochet would rather have seen her daughter work hard for success on the stage than pine away in a school, but the father declared, in proper paternal fashion, that he would rather see her in her grave. Here was Harriette at fifteen, with plenty of admirers, doomed by her father to 'drag on a forlorn existence and teach children Clementi's lessons and the verbs "avoir" and "être" from fifteen to fifty years of age, and then to retire withered and still more forlorn to a work house.' The prospect was not attractive.

At this point she made one last attempt to please her father. He was extremely fond of 'an ancient Swiss dish' which he used to prepare himself. Harriette watched him attentively and one night when he was expected home to supper she took infinite pains to cook this dish, and succeeded. The supper was ready at her usual bedtime, ten o'clock, but she was so afraid that it would get cold or spoiled that she sat up till his return to watch it and 'got soundly boxed on the ears *pour commencer*.' Upon this she resolved to leave her 'wretched uncomfortable home' on the following day. 'My dear mother would forgive me and visit me. Of that I felt sure, for she knew I should soon die if she forsook me.' There was only one path open to a girl of spirit and she took it. 'I loved no one amongst those who sought to seduce me, but the Cravens were our near neighbours, and old acquaintances, and they were gentlemen. I was less afraid of them than of any other men, so I became the mistress of Lord Craven.' A more ingenuous apology has seldom been offered.

Then, to complete the circle, she ends with almost the identical words of the beginning of the *Memoirs* :

'And there I was on the Marine Parade, where Lord Craven was kind enough to draw cocoa trees and black men for my amusement, but my readers have read all this before.'

The Introduction is followed by a notice headed, To the Public. As this bears upon the question of how much Stockdale was responsible for Harriette's *Memoirs*, it may be of interest to quote it in full. It is dated London, January, 1830. Harriette's grammar and construction, to which she always sat easily, give way entirely in her efforts to justify everybody concerned.

'It is but fair to state of a man who has been so harshly dealt by, that Mr. Stockdale, as my publisher, conducted himself towards me liberally and honestly.

'At the same time, I must, in justice to myself declare that in the latter part of my *Memoirs*, independent of so much extraneous matter being introduced, under the head of *my Memoirs*, which never belonged to them, and for which *I* have been reproached ; many expressions have been put into my mouth which never issued from my pen.

'It is, therefore, to prevent a recurrence of the like annoyance, that I am compelled to acquaint the public, that Mr. Stockdale *has* now published nearly the whole part of my *Memoirs* which *I wrote* and sold to him in M.S.

'Some few *pages* may yet remain in his hands, but I should imagine, indeed, I am almost positive that of *my composition*, he cannot have sufficient to form a single number or part of a volume, such as was at first sold for half a crown.

'The M.S. of the remaining *unpurchased* and consequently *unpublished* parts, about half a dozen in number have not been out of and are still in my possession, and without intention, at present, on my part, of being given to the public.

'I give this information very reluctantly, as I should be truly sorry, to injure the father of a family, of whom, with the above exception, I have no cause to complain.'

After Introduction and Notice to the Public we arrive by gradual degrees at the Preface, which deals chiefly with the genesis of Clara Gazul. According to Harriette's account, an 'illustrious and in my opinion, very amiable nobleman' recommended her to write a sketch-book or light novel. True to her principles of always aiming high, she at once consulted a gentleman 'belonging to the company of Edinburgh Reviewers.' This gentleman, whom she describes as 'a well-known Whig from principle, a poet by inclination, a dramatist from taste, whose compositions were unfortunately untasted by the public; an atheist, *par excellence*, and a very gouty subject, *malgré lui*,' was enthusiastically in favour of the plan. 'In case of publication,' he wrote, 'the knowledge that it was written by you would ensure a sale, so that at least people would be forced to pay you before they could abuse.'

There follows a brief description of some of her characters, with hints at the identity of the living people from whom they are drawn. The authoress protests that her work is of a highly moral nature, inasmuch as all the bad characters come to bad ends. 'But,' she adds, 'I have traduced no character by such FALSE calumnies as have been practised against myself.' With her usual disarming frankness she continues: 'As to plot, it is what I fear I have no sort of taste or talent for, and the reader may despise my brief attempt in that department, without the possibility of making me think worse of myself than I have always done hitherto.'

Certainly the plot of *Clara Gazul*—if it may be said to exist at all—is as devoid of taste and talent as one might wish. But so long as Harriette goes on talking she amuses us, leaving us with the curious impression of a worthy woman trying to be dashing. It would be quite useless even to try to give any outline of the story. The opening sentences run:

'My mother, Dona Euphrasia, was bred to the stage, so was my grandmother. My mother had made her successful debut at Madrid ten years before I was born.

'On ne connoit pas toujours son père, c'est un malheur.'

The name Clara Gazul naturally tempts one to discover some kind of relation between Harriette and Prosper Mérimée, but though Mérimée rather boasts of having affected the society of 'les rats' as he called the world of *cocottes*, he mentions no names. It would be possible to see a parallel between this opening and the first pages of the preface to Mérimée's *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, which was making a stir in Paris in 1825, but I think it would be unwise to insist upon it. Spanish romanticism was in the air in Paris, where Harriette had been living on and off for some years.

Clara herself takes but little part in the novel and is merely a peg on which to hang descriptions of people and places. Among the characters are a noble Italian lady seduced by a Cardinal; a venerable father; a brutal brother; a newly born baby thrown into a blazing fire by ruffians of both sexes (in the brutal brother's pay), who subsequently fall into the fire themselves owing to excess in spirituous liquors and share the baby's fate; a brigand called Alberto who wrote a very successful poem in Germany called 'Robbers and Soldiers' and had a profusion of jetty ringlets and jewellery; and quantities of monks, soldiers, pages, waiting women and natural children. Clara's only dramatic contribution to the book is her love for Ligonía, who is apparently Alberto's brother, but in any case had murdered a third brother from the highest motives.

'After murdering his brother he entered the Russian service as a private soldier . . . and in 1814, upon the occupation of Lyons by the Cossacks he was absolutely billeted in his native town, upon his orphan niece's house. Having however changed his name and being greatly altered by his grief and service, he was not after such a lapse of time recognised by anyone. . . . I have disguised the real name of "Ivanchoff" which he bore in the Russian service, under that of Ligonía.'

Clara had an assignation with Ligonía, in the course of which he 'drew aside his mask, raised me in his arms, and hid his face in my bosom. IT WAS THE SWEETEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.' What a position.

Then there is the page Eugenio, who was the natural son of Napoleon and a lady who 'conceals her identity as the Countess

of Polignac.' He woos Clara, but as her affections are already another's, he goes to London and stays at the "Clarendon Hotel"¹ in Bond Street, from which abode he writes long gossiping letters to his mother about London society. Upon the night of his arrival he had the misfortune to get mixed up in a brawl at Covent Garden Theatre, and it would have gone ill with him before the magistrate had not the Earl of Ricketty obligingly offered himself as bail and carried Eugenio off to breakfast in his rooms. Here he had the pleasure of meeting Lord Dolittle (whom he had known at Naples as Mr. Delford), the Marquis of Boobedon, Mr. Kingdomcome and Lord Pickle. Lord Pickle expressed himself with much freedom about French actresses, declaring that he 'hated them all.'

"Why the deuce do you visit them then?" said Lord Dolittle, his mouth full of roast partridge.

"Visit! Hem! Why, what is a man to do in such a black-guardly place as Paris? I go to half a dozen of these nasty things sometimes of a morning, for the vice and viciousness of it. I am naturally vicious."

Eugenio had been forced by her relations into an engagement with the Lady Anna Maria D. In despair he hit upon an effectual remedy or antidote to love.

'A dentist who resided in the metropolis, was entrusted with his secret. This artist permitted him to hire two complete rows of false teeth exactly like his own, which being very neatly packed in a small, pink card box, the dentist was induced to make out an elegant bill, on the top of which his name, address, and profession was gracefully printed.

'The bill ran thus—and was addressed to Eugenio. "To a complete set of composition teeth and gums set in pure gold £15 15s."

This parcel Eugenio contrived to drop on her ladyship's carpet—and the marriage was broken off by her friends.

Eugenio then visits 'Harriette Memoirs,' which we may take to be Harriette's self-portrait. It is, as far as one can judge, a

¹ This was a real hotel which stood till 1870 between Old Bond Street and Albemarle Street, with a frontage to both streets. It was kept during the Regency period by a French cook, Jacquiers, who had been with Louis XVIII (while in England) and Lord Darnley. It contained large suites of apartments where royal and noble personages used to put up during their stay in London.

'This was the only public hotel where a genuine French dinner could be obtained, but the sum charged seldom amounted to less than three or four pounds; a bottle of champagne or of claret in 1814 usually cost a guinea.'

very impartial one. She is attractive, though not beautiful, and takes colour from her surroundings.

'A stupid companion appeared to paralyse her and change every feature in her face. Vainly did she labour to go through the forms of politeness, in order to avoid wounding him by her neglect, she was so absent as to have appeared almost insane, and her face seemed to lengthen with the torturing annoyance she evidently experienced in her efforts to collect her ideas and listen to a dull every-day character.

'Observe Harriette Memoirs in the society of a man she respects and desires to attach; you will then see one of the most pleasant and unlearned women in England.

'I take Harriette to be a very high-couraged person whose strength of mind would be found equal to any sudden emergency. Though the world call her profligate, she is strict and severe in her principles of candour and honesty. . . . Her temper and disposition are happy, for she can amuse herself harmlessly in solitude and never find the day long enough for her occupations.

'To conclude the subject, I, who have well studied her character, and I believe impartially, do positively acquit Harriette Memoirs of the least particle of selfishness, while I give her credit for a very affectionate heart.'

Apart from the trifling incident that we cannot believe a word our Harriette says, this seems to me an excellent self-portrait. The more I read her autobiographical writings, the more I like her.

This ends what can only be called notes on Harriette Wilson, and *Clara Gazul*. My ignorance of the period has not allowed me to make a definitive article on the subject and I can only hope that some reader whose knowledge of the early nineteenth century is more accurate than mine may be interested enough in some of these gleanings to fill up the gaps. If, unwittingly, I have gone over ground which has been already laboured, I can only utter the customary curses against those who have anticipated me in my original researches.

I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to G. H. who first drew my attention to *Clara Gazul*; to the officials of the Reading, Newspaper, Map and Print Rooms at the British Museum, especially to F. G. R., who smoothed my path in so many ways; to Mr. Breun, of Greek Street, who kindly allowed me to consult his catalogue of engravings; and to the Town Clerk of Westminster for permission to look through old Rate Payers' Lists.

ANGELA THIRKELL.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

A LITERARY Acrostic is published every month, and the Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers two prizes to the most successful solvers. The winners will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. If several solvers send solutions of equal merit, the two whose answers are opened first will win the prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 106.

'The ——— ———, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied.'

1. 'My heart leaps up when I behold
A ——— in the sky.'
2. 'The ——— was here, the ——— was there,
The ——— was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!'
3. 'Speak to my gossip ——— one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid.'
4. 'O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at ———, when all the woods are still.'
5. 'Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the ———,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page vi of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue: and he must be careful to give also his real name and address.
4. Solvers should not write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 106 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, and must arrive not later than June 21. No answers will be opened before this date.

ANSWER TO No. 105.

- | | | | |
|----|---|-----|---|
| 1. | F | res | H |
| 2. | A | y | E |
| 3. | I | d | A |
| 4. | N | eve | R |
| 5. | T | ex | T |

PROEM: Burns, *To Dr. Blacklock*.

LIGHTS:

1. Milton, *Lycidas*.
2. Coleridge, *The Ancient Mariner*, part 1.
3. Tennyson, *Oenone*.
4. Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, v. 1.
5. Gray, *Elegy*.

Acrostic No. 104 ('England England'): The first light and the last four all presented difficulties to solvers; the hardest was the sixth, from Kipling's 'Our Lady of the Snows,' a quotation which many failed to recognise. The prizes are taken by Mrs. Lane, 10 Carlisle Road, Eastbourne, and Mr. G. W. Garland, 178 West Princes Street, Glasgow, who will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

Kathleen Norris's Early Spring Novel

THE problem of the mother-in-law is always with us, and in *Belle-Mère*, Mrs. Kathleen Norris has approached the subject from an original point of view. Philip St. John, adoring and adored by his widowed mother, who was 'sweet' but selfish, could never appreciate how provoking she could be to his wife; nor could his wife, in turn—when her brother came to be married—understand how her own mother could be anything but desirable to a daughter-in-law. Storms rose up and disaster threatened, but the final solution was a happy one, worked out with Mrs. Norris's inimitable skill.

Oh, Doctor!

As an invaluable tonic for depression and gloom, a new little book, *Oh, Doctor!* by Mr. Edward Samson, may be thoroughly recommended. It is a series of most confessing and revealing letters from a very Harley and quite upper-ten doctor, in which he becomes touchingly confiding. The positive eye-opening frankness of this young medico in his efforts to keep the pathological wolf from his West End door will produce a throb in every layman's heart. The developing doctor's autobiographings are illustrated with an absolute rash of the most black-and-white sketches, very much to the point, and not a little smile-producing.



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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

confident and flouting convention, but still the gate of her dreams remained closed. David, who loved Jennifer, had different dreams, and it was not until these two met at the same gate that each found contentment. Miss Daisy Fisher, who tells their story in *The Gate Swings Open*, is definitely 'wise about love'—to quote a recent critic—and she has used her wisdom to good purpose in this intriguing third novel.

A Fresh and Lively Novel of Character

WHEN the younger Hewlands decided to throw their *Caps Over the Mill*—which action gives the title to Miss Marjorie Booth's new, and second, novel—they were merely strongly individual and seeking to express themselves in their own particular way, but their parents exerted compulsion to enforce the older ideas, and then things happened. Miss Booth has written a fresh and lively story, with a thoughtful and subtle undercurrent, in which three love stories are deftly interwoven. There is irony, too, of a delicate and revealing kind. But the contrasting characters are subjectively presented, with tolerance, sympathy and humour; and the reader, following their varied careers, is moved by the sense of the common human need and struggle for self-expression.



MARJORIE BOOTH

A Persian Mystic and Poet

EIGHT centuries ago there lived a perfume seller and druggist of Nishāpūr, called 'Attār, whose life was spent very pleasantly among his precious wares; but a chance word from a passing dervish changed the whole tenor of his life: he abandoned his shop, renounced all worldly affairs, and gave himself up to the study of the deepest spiritual mysteries. Such was the origin of the great Persian mystic 'Attār, to whose life and writings the latest volume of the well-known *Wisdom of the East Series* is devoted.

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A Borough Surveyor writes : " I have thoroughly enjoyed the course. It has helped me in organisation and in adopting system and I have a better outlook on life." (M. 34377.)

A Musician writes :—" I can now concentrate at will. Have now a good memory. Gained Self-Confidence. Always feel interested in details and have gained an increased Personality." (W. 35012.)

A Student states that he has gained " an infinitely improved memory with perfect harmony between the 'inner' and 'outer' worlds. Also it has taught me to be optimistic in everything I do or undertake." (C. B. 2488.)

A Chief Engineer writes :—" I learnt to take a deeper interest in my calling and life in general. This, noted by my employer, resulted in my promotion from second to chief engineer with increased salary. Pelmanism improved my thinking power and made a better man of me in general." (A. 37035.)

An Author writes :—" I started Pelmanism when I was in a rather depressed and disordered state of mind. The first two books removed the depression and the rest have helped to remove the disorder. There is no magic in Pelmanism; indeed, after reading some of its now so obvious truths it is annoying that one did not observe them before. It makes us live when we were only wishing, it makes us observe when we were only gazing, it makes us think when we were only dreaming. There was a time when I wondered if Pelmanism could be worth its fee; but now I know that it emphatically is. The grey books are very small in size but they are mighty in worth. The greater truth I learned was this : That as we think to-day, our Subconscious mind thinks to-morrow." (C. B. 2532.)

A Civil Servant writes :—" I have been taken, as it were, into a new world. I have discovered how to develop Self-Confidence and am already reaping the harvest. I have broadened my general outlook and made to realise that I have to do my share to make this world a better place. I have found that the Pelman methods can help me considerably in all branches of my calling." (M. 37112.)

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which interfere with the effective working power of the brain, and to develop in their place such strong, positive, creative qualities as :—

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—Optimism	—Forcefulness
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—Initiative	—Reliability
—Will-Power	—Driving Force
—Decision	—Salesmanship
—Resourcefulness	—Business Acumen
and a Reliable Memory	

all of which are invaluable in any walk of life.

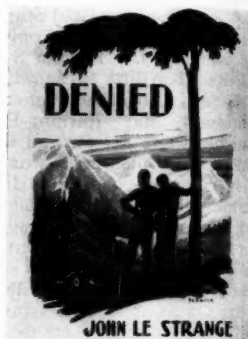
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BOOK NOTES FOR JANUARY

A Man's Book

D^{ENIED}, an early Spring novel by John le Strange, is a man's book; which does not at all mean that women will not enjoy the story also. The author has handled with genuine feeling an unusual subject and approached it from a new angle. There is adventure, romance and sacrifice, woven round this story of two brothers, with a dramatic secret in the life of one. Growing up in the secure belief that a splendid career awaits them, their plans are shattered in a night and a tragic barrier is raised between them. How unselfish love and loyalty triumph over everything is told in this exciting tale, which carries the reader from the security of an English home to thrills and adventures in British Columbia.



Next Month

THE CORNHILL for February will contain among other contributions a further section of *From 'Works and Days': The Diary of 'Michael Field.'* II. *'Michael Field' and Robert Browning.* Edited by T. Sturge Moore. *English Literature and Foreign Influences*, by Laurie Magnus; *The Story of the Kob-i-Nur*, by Col. P. T. Etherton; *In Cuba Twenty-five Years Ago*, by Major The Hon. Henry Lygon; *Habbakuk: A True Biography*, by Rodney Collin.

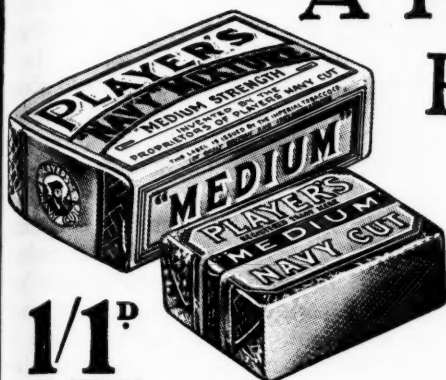
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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

Exhilarating Reminiscences

SIR ALFRED PEASE's life has been remarkable in the variety of its experiences and vicissitudes and he has entered into them all with undiminished zest. In a former book he has written about lions in East Africa; now, in *Elections and Recollections*, he tells us about his political life in Gladstonian Home Rule days. He quotes largely from his very graphic and outspoken diaries, and his personal impressions of leaders of all parties make excellent reading. Additional interest is given to the book by the reproduction of



twelve drawings—some of which have not been published before—by his friend, the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

A Romance of Mount's Bay

M^{R.} J. C. TREGARTHEN's knowledge of glorious Cornwall is unsurpassed—he knows every moor and field and stream of the countryside, and the country characters too are an open book to him. Using this as his background, he had written a most lively romance entitled *The Smuggler's Daughter*. It tells of Kitty, the brave and lovely daughter of Richard Pentreath, the smuggler, and Captain Marston, the young 'Riding Officer,' whose job it was to suppress smuggling; of their love and final triumph over all opposition; and, last but perhaps not least, of *The Pride of the Bay*, the gallant little ship that was the apple of Pentreath's eye, as dear to him almost as his daughter, and only after long struggle given up.

A genius who was very human

V^{IOLIN} is the first novel in a new vein by a writer who, under another name, is widely known as a writer of fiction. Told with power and pathos, it conquers the difficulty of making a vivid human being of a genius. The story is of David Benoni, violinist and lover, his earliest days as a poor little Jewish lad in the harsh days in Russia before the war; his struggles, his adven-

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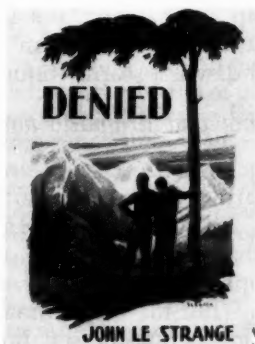
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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

tures, the jealousy of the irascible star, Richard Poldonnel, at the dangerous young rival, and, above all and through all, of David's love for the Princess of his dreams.

A great Lady of the Nineteenth Century

MISS MARY FRANCES OUTRAM has recently enjoyed the curious and interesting experience of becoming intimately acquainted with her great-grandmother, *Margaret Outram*, 1778-1863, whose biography she has been writing. Margaret Outram was the mother of the Bayard of India, and her story is that of a forceful and original character, who, though thwarted in childhood by the theories of her learned and pedantic father, finally triumphed over all obstacles. It tells of her contact with charming old Jacobite ladies, and a bewitching pioneer of Women's Rights; marriage with Benjamin Outram, of Tramway fame; letters from her son, General Sir James Outram, throwing new light upon his character, romantic courtship and career; and Lady Outram's letters from the Fort at Agra, during the Indian Mutiny, 1857. It is the record of a clouded dawn, a stormy noon, and a peaceful eventide.



JAMES OUTRAM.

A moving and dramatic novel

MUSIC IN THE AIR is an unusual novel of distinction and charm; indeed, the author, Miss Alison Taylor, is a 'discovery.' The chief *motif*, as the title suggests, is music, and the chief character, Simon, a composer of genius, who through catastrophe is brought to the discipline of sadness, almost to despair. But his wife, Alma, is courageous and devoted. When temptation whispers she does not succumb, but fights a way through to happiness.

An 'ingenious thriller' by P. C. Wren

MAJOR P. C. WREN, as a writer, excels in thrills, and in his *Mammon of Righteousness* he is on the top of his form. The *Morning Post* wrote, when the first edition was published, 'This

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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It has been the purpose of this Review, through the minds and pens of writers with authority, to appreciate the values of that progress. The names of its contributors may be taken as an index to the history of the times in Literature, Science and Art, to Politics and Social Endeavour through its infinite channels, as well as to very much else.

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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

is simply satanic subtlety. The most impudently ingenious thriller of the season, and all who love the feeling of pins and needles in the spirit should buy, beg, borrow or steal it.' Now a cheap edition is ready for publication at three-and-sixpence, which makes the *Morning Post's* first injunction a little easier to follow.

A good friend of Charles I

CAPTAIN C. W. FIREBRACE had two main objects in view when writing *Honest Harry*. The first was to tell the story of his ancestor, Sir Henry Firebrace, who was a man of exceptional character for his time, and who, with no advantages of birth or fortune, succeeded in making a career for himself. The author's second object was to give a more detailed account than has hitherto been attempted, of the many schemes which Charles and the faithful band of his friends devised for his escape from his foes. The period is for ever full of romance, and this most interesting, although sad, story throws new light on Charles's character and personality. The portions of the book devoted to the Firebrace family are also of considerable interest to students of contemporary history.



CHARLES I.
National Portrait Gallery.

Kathleen Norris's Early Spring Novel

THE problem of the mother-in-law is always with us, and in *Belle-Mère*, which is coming in March, Mrs. Kathleen Norris has approached the subject from an original point of view. Philip St. John, adoring and adored by his widowed mother, who was 'sweet' but selfish, could never appreciate how provoking she could be to his wife; nor could his wife, in turn—when her brother came to be married—understand how her own mother could be anything but desirable to a daughter-in-law. Storms rose up and disaster threatened, but the final solution was a happy one, worked out with Mrs. Norris's inimitable skill.

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BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

A Canteen Worker with the French

DURING the War, hundreds of thousands of French troops passed through Revigny on their way to and from the line, and found there no comforts beyond the official ration supplied by the authorities, while the British troops, in striking contrast, were cheered in their hours of rest with canteens, reading rooms, rest and recreation rooms. Mrs. Culling and a group of British women who knew France well, determined to supply this deficiency, and in *Arms and the Woman*, with the aid of Mrs. J. B. Booth, she tells the story of this wonderful work they did for the French soldiers almost within sound of the guns of Verdun. This is the war from a wholly new angle, and it is of unfailing interest, as well as a tribute to the essential courtesy of the *poilu*.



Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for March will contain, among other contributions, a further instalment of *From 'Works and Days': the Diary of 'Michael Field'*—III. *George Meredith and 'Michael Field'*, edited by T. Sturge Moore. *The Republic of Letters: II. Goethe*, by Laurie Magnus: a centenary study of Goethe's influence on English literature. *Carlyle and Huxley: Early Influences*, by Leonard Huxley; being an address delivered before the Carlyle Society, December 4, 1931. *Poets at Samos*, by Arthur Jose; an imaginary reconstruction of a truly classical episode.

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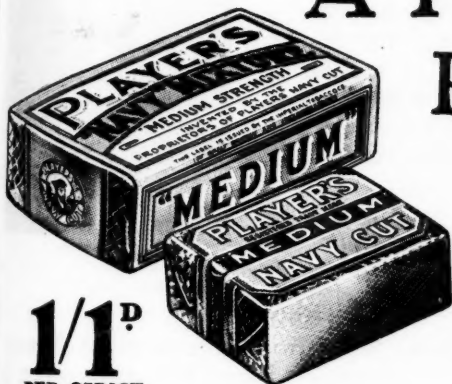
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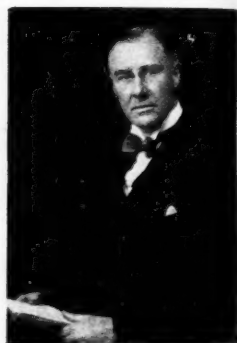
BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

For lovers of high altitudes

IN *The Adventures of an Alpine Guide*, of which three impressions have been sold in Germany, a great guide—Christian Klucker—speaks, frankly and fearlessly, critically, but with modesty, of his exploits and of his position toward his employers. His life as a guide covers a space of more than fifty years, during which he climbed over 3,000 peaks. He was the leader of over a hundred new expeditions, the last of these taking place in his seventy-fourth year, and he counted among his friends some of the most distinguished climbers, including the honoured names of Sir Edward Davidson and Captain Farrar. The book has been authoritatively edited by Mr. H. E. G. Tyndale, himself a well-known lover of the Alps, and translated by Erwin and Pleasaunce Von Gaisberg.

A fine story of love and hatred

ALTHOUGH is Lord Gorell's new romance for the Spring—an absorbing story of love and hatred, which affected not merely the two persons most concerned, but the whole fortunes of a great business House. The characters are finely drawn, true flesh-and-blood people—David and Katharine; Rob and his delightful little daughter; the Fullertons; and that acid lady of selfishness, Julia Quin—a very real company paying high tribute to the author's subtle skill with the pen. The development of the theme leads the reader eagerly on and the final solution comes as a most satisfying climax to an admirable story.



LORD GORELL

The New Doyle 'Omnibus'

THE almost overwhelming popularity of the omnibus volume of *Conan Doyle Historical Romances* issued last year—when it was hailed as 'a triumph of publishing enterprise,' and 'if this is not value for money we do not know what is!'—has encouraged the publisher to combine the other four stories in this category,

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BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

'Rodney Stone'; 'Uncle Bernac'; 'Adventures of Gerard'; and 'Exploits of Brigadier Gerard' in a companion volume at seven-and-sixpence. These stories have long proved that they are abundantly able to hold their own against latter-day competitors and here they make a sumptuous feast for all who like good fiction.

C. E. Lawrence's new Spring Novel

EVEN when Mr. C. E. Lawrence goes in for sheer realism, his writing has that whimsical touch which is at once its distinction and its charm. Such a realistic book was his last story, *Underneath*, but his new novel, *Dead Water* is in a different category. Deepwater Inn was not a haunted house, but an old inn with experiences; and no house that has sheltered living people, with their sorrows, happiness, hopes and disappointments over the years, can remain mere wood and stone. When, therefore, Geoffrey Sylvester, a student of history, having met the inevitable only woman for him in all the world, had settled with her in Deepwater Inn, consequences, humorous and serious, spiritual and otherwise, followed.



C. E. LAWRENCE

An unusual detective story

WHERE *IGNORANCE IS BLISS* is the title of an unusual detective story by Richard and Elizabeth Plunket Greene. William Monypenny, whose desire for a quiet life is only equalled by his inability to achieve it, has the misfortune to find himself involved in a mysterious crime. His friend, Roger Baldwin, arrives unexpectedly on the scene, and is seized with the desire to investigate things on his own. Although it goes against the grain, Monypenny agrees to help him, and in this book he describes, with a good deal of humour, that is none the worse for being

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— JOHN MURRAY —

BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

unconscious, the course of their private investigation. In the end, Monypenny is confronted with a critical problem. He reasons it out as he tosses in bed, and solves it to his own satisfaction. Unfortunately, if he has a flair for anything in particular it is for making two and two equal five, and many of his readers are likely to agree that, with the production of his book, the fat, for one person at least, is properly in the fire.

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MR. JOHN LAMBOURNE'S adventurous life has served him as an excellent background on which to paint his stories of Africa. His first, *Trooper Fault*, was a stirring novel of the South African Police, in which he served for six years. This was followed by *The Kingdom that Was*—a remarkable *tour de force* portraying Africa of the animals. Now he has written *Strong Waters*, laid in the Africa of to-day, and has made a powerful drama of the doctor who was his own worst enemy, a drunken disappointment and yet a great man, indomitably rising when occasion offered and love demanded above all the forces that mocked him.



JOHN LAMBOURNE

A story of the Marshlands

MR. S. L. BENSUSAN has already won an enviable reputation by his short studies of Essex country life, the latest of which was *Dear Countrymen*. In his Spring novel, *A Child of Chance*, he has now tried his hand at full-length portraiture, and with conspicuous success. In the familiar setting, in the lowly grades of which Mrs. Worspottle and the Oldest Inhabitant have a reality all their own, Jenny Wade, child of chance, lives and has her rises and falls. Mr. Bensusan is as shrewd an observer of character and manners at the great house of the Squire as he is in the cottage; he knows his people, high and low, and as a result, he has written a romance of the Marshlands that holds the interest from first to last.

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BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

A 'Kathleen Norris' Reprint

MRS. KATHLEEN NORRIS, 'creator of charming heroines' wrote one of her most outstandingly successful novels, *Passion Flower*, in 1930, and the *Sunday Referee* said 'Mrs. Norris is immensely competent; she can tell a good story, and keep a firm hand on laughter and tears.' It has now been re-issued in a cheaper form at three-and-sixpence, and will prove an inexpensive delight to all who enjoy romance.

A Canteen Worker with the French

DURING the War, hundreds of thousands of French troops passed through Revigny, a way to and from the line, and found there no comforts but the official ration supplied by the authorities, while the British troops, in striking contrast, were cheered in their hours of rest with canteens, reading rooms and recreation rooms. Mrs. C. Lling and a group of British women who knew France well, determined to supply this deficiency and in *Arms and the Woman*, with the aid of Mr. J. B. Booth, she tells the story of this wonderful work they did for the French soldiers almost within sound of the guns of Verdun. This is the war from a wholly new angle.

Next Month

THE April number of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE will contain among other contributions *From 'Works and Days': The Diary of 'Michael Field'—IV. George Meredith and 'Michael Field' (continued).* Robert FitzRoy and Charles Darwin, by Nora Barlow. *Old Retainers*, by Godfrey Locker-Lampson. *The Graphologist's A Unique Experience*, by Claud Mullins. *In a Syrian Harim*, by Freya Stark.

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COUPON

FOR ACROSTICS COMPETITION

MARCH, 1932

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It has been the purpose of this Review, through the minds and pens of writers with authority, to appreciate the values of that progress. The names of its contributors may be taken as an index to the history of the times in Literature, Science and Art, to Politics and Social Endeavour through its infinite channels, as well as to very much else.

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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

Herbert Warren—President and Friend

SEVERAL generations of Oxonians, and especially all Magdalen men, will be keenly interested and delighted with Mr. Laurie Magnus's Memoir of *Herbert Warren of Magdalen*, President of that college from 1885 to 1928 and one of the most outstanding and best-known figures in Oxford for nearly half a century. In the short time between his retirement and death Sir Herbert began writing his reminiscences, and this material, with other sources, has been utilised by Mr. Laurie Magnus, himself an old Magdalen man. Clifton and Balliol under Percival and Jowett; Oxford in the late seventies, and in the subsequent era of reform, when Lord Curzon was Chancellor; Addington Symonds and the Carpenters at Bristol; Milner, Asquith, and others at Balliol; Warren's relations with Tennyson and his family; Warren as the second Founder of Magdalen; the Prince of Wales at the College, and many others famous in varied walks of life pass through these pages.

A New Novel by Myrtle Johnston

THE MAIDEN is another original and vigorous story by the author of *Hanging Johnny*—that first novel which caused the author to be hailed as 'a genius' as soon as the book got into the critics' hands. Here the story concerns Maria, born of doubtful parentage in the slums of San Francisco, and with a most unmaidenly upbringing, who finally takes to the sea as a man, where she becomes mate, ship's captain and pirate. Her early sex inferiority and feeling of man's superiority gradually gained true perspective as her own superiority over men developed, yet when she was most dominant she was most feminine. It is a story filled with adventure and excitement, at times gruesome, always vital, and running through it is a strain of real nobility.



MYRTLE JOHNSTON.

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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

to give the world as complete a picture as possible of this rare personality who numbered among his varied occupations classical scholarships, business, banking, travel, mountaineering, botany, and psychic research. Born into a typical mid-Victorian family, he passed through Harrow, under Dr. Butler, to Trinity, Cambridge, where he won the highest honours, was the friend of the Lytteltons and Butchers and Balfours, enjoyed rowing, and rode one of the earliest and most primitive of bicycles! Afterwards, by way of a City office, he reached the proud position of Chairman of the Westminster Bank.

Miss Morrison 'discovers' Mary Queen of Scots

MISS N. BRYSSON MORRISON is one of an unusually gifted Scottish family—the Morrisons of Burnside, Glasgow. Three sisters and two brothers, all young, and all writers, is a record it would be hard to beat! Miss Morrison published her first book, *Breakers*, less than two years ago; the critics were unanimous in praising its power and unflinching unsentimentality, and Mr. Hugh Walpole, in a letter to the author's brother, spoke of its 'real power and personality,' adding, 'she writes like a poet.' In her new novel *Solitaire*, Miss Morrison has justified such praise; it is a distinct advance upon her first novel, more mature, at once more daring and more restrained; the cruel and pitiful drama of 'Mary Queen of Scots' life has inspired her with something of its own tragedy and poetry. Her re-creation of Mary's tragedy makes a story of extraordinary appeal.



N. BRYSSON MORRISON.

'A beautiful and original story'

A WELL-KNOWN critic, after reading the MS. of Mr. Robert Craig's new novel, *O People!* wrote:—'This is a beautiful and original story. Its spiritual and artistic qualities are absolute, and the character drawing is complete and witty.' It is anticipated that readers will endorse this praise. The scene is laid in Scotland. The hero is an idealist whom many call mad; the heroine a girl

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BOOK NOTES FOR APRIL

whom the 'unco guid' called bad, but who shows nobility of character which they mostly lack. Into the story come newspaper magnates, popular comedians, civic dignitaries and people of high degree, drawn with a sure touch and a humorous satire which will bring delight. The author of *Lucy Flockhart* has assuredly not disappointed his first admirers.

A Scottish first novel

A FIRST NOVEL has always a special interest and *The Moss Road*, a tale of the Buchan country by Mrs. Jean White, not only interests by its own merit, but arouses high hopes for the future. Miss Storm Jameson has written, 'It is a really delightful book, and the book of a downright good novelist. The slow unfolding of Lisbeth's character, from childhood to youth, is beautifully done, without sentiment but not without a sensitive emotion. . . . The whole crowd of minor characters are as proper and lively an assembly as I have met for a long time. The story itself has breadth, excitement and charm. . . . This is a most satisfying book.'



JEAN WHITE.

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for May will contain among other contributions *From 'Works and Days': V. Herbert Spencer and Oscar Wilde*; *The Discourses of Fanica*, being Scenes from French University Life in the Provinces. I. *André Maurois, His Disciple*; *The Youth of a Children's Magazine*; *New Life in Palestine* by Paula Arnold; *Timeless Journey* by Geoffrey Vickers; and *The Sorrows of Gardening* by E. D. Cuming.

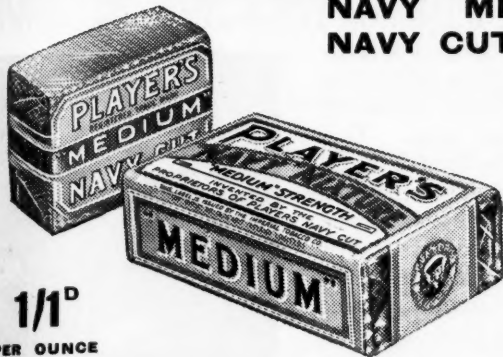
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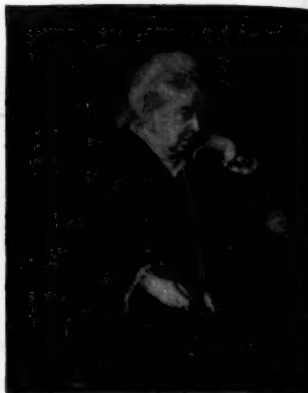
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WITH the third and last volume of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, the enterprise which King Edward started and King George has carried through is now complete. In nine substantial volumes—three series of three volumes each—there lies open for the public and posterity a continuous presentation of the great Queen, in her correspondence and journal, from even before her accession in June 1837 down to her death in January 1901. This final volume is concerned, more than ever, with the venerable Queen herself, as she passes the record of all her predecessors for length of reign; celebrates amid enthusiasm her Diamond Jubilee and her eighty-first birthday; embodies the resolute spirit of her people throughout the varied failures and successes of the Boer War; is afflicted by grievous family losses—of a son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg; a son, the Duke of Coburg; and a grandson, Prince Christian Victor—but carries on indomitably her conscientious labour as Constitutional Monarch till within a few days of her death. Here is embodied for all time the absolute authentic and trustworthy record of the reign and personality of the most beloved, and one of the most renowned, of the long line of English monarchs.



*From a picture by
Van Angeli in Windsor Castle*

A Bishop's Recollections of a strange diocese

THE South Seas diocese of Melanesia is probably one of the strangest in the world. The Right Rev. Cecil Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Bunbury, was Bishop of Melanesia for seventeen years, and in a book of reminiscences, *The Wake of the Southern Cross*, he describes, with characteristic simplicity and humour, some of the extraordinary customs of his flock, which included, among many differing races, cannibals yet to be converted. He tells of his continual voyaging, in schooner and in whale-boat, among the scattered islands, and draws on the rich material of

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WALTER LEAF: 1852-1927

SOME CHAPTERS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH
A MEMOIR BY CHARLOTTE M. LEAF

Classical scholarship, banking, travel, mountaineering, botany, and psychic research, were among the varied occupations of this delightful personality. Married to a daughter of John Addington Symonds, equally at home in a City office, in Homer's Iliad or on a mountain top, happy in his family life, loved by his many friends, he lived his life to the full.

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BOOK NOTES FOR MAY

his diaries for details of some of the most amazing experiences it has ever been the lot of a Right Reverend gentleman to enjoy.

Bishop Gore at home

THE late Bishop Gore was a most delightful personality as well as a great theologian and public figure. It is this side of him that is emphasised in a little book by his nephew John Gore, entitled *Charles Gore—Father and Son*, in which his childhood, schooldays, and public career are described largely in his own letters, illustrated with informal photographs. The romantic career of his father, Lord John Russell's secretary in the great drama of Reform, is also sketched in. This short and intimate picture will undoubtedly make a valuable contribution towards a complete estimate of the famous Bishop's career.



BISHOP OF OXFORD.

A lucid, generous book on Modernism

AMONG the curious events of our time is a revival of intense feeling about creeds, and in a valuable book on *Modernism, Past and Present*, Professor H. L. Stewart seeks to substitute for mere superstitions or mistaken teachings the truths as life, experience, and thought have revealed them, tending to make clearer the Reality of God. He has traced the workings of the enquiring spirit through the ages—Bruno, Galileo, Roger Bacon—Erasmus, Luther, Leo—to Lessing and to Loisy, to Father Tyrrell and Renan, and the others who, though with different ends in view, have challenged and fought the authority that is based on such iron rules as have governed Rome for centuries, and, in later days, Tennessee. The effect is constructive, for Professor Stewart reveals the Modernist as 'an uncompromising Theist', and the book, through its frankness, lucidity, and generous spirit, should be most helpful. The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Ripon contributes an illuminating Foreword.

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A clever drama of modern life

IN *Single-Handed*, Mrs. Vera Wheatley traced, with an insight termed by critics flawless, the life and fortunes of an ill-educated domestic servant, a study which won instant recognition and acclaim. In *Miraculous Bread*, her new novel, she has used a wider canvas and shown three sets of lives within a single family, dominated by the selfish vanity of a mother and helped by the cheerful, slangy understanding of a novel-writing aunt. For all the diversity, there is a satisfactory unity in this clever drama of modern life, which flashes its light on loves and fears not peculiar to Francie, Richie, and Diana Milton.



VERA WHEATLEY.

Sinclair Murray's Spring novel

THALIA, the central figure in Mr. Sinclair Murray's new novel entitled *Antidote*, was not beautiful, but she came into the life of the Blairs as a human flame, with an arresting, seductive quality that went straight to men's heads. She was unmoral rather than immoral, and the author—whose shrewd analysis of character in *John Frensham, K.C.*, will not easily be forgotten—portrays her following her own instincts, hurting without being hurt, destructive of the peace of others, prodigal with her charms, until at last she meets her master, the man for whom she has unconsciously been waiting.

An intense story of Italy

FARQUHAR SLOAN has already won attention by two stirring stories of love and war—the first set in Russia and the second chiefly on the Continent. In her new novel, *Spring Song*, the theme is laid for the most part in the sunshine of Italy, in Rome and Amalfi, where youth has its passion and its pain. Love played a strange trick upon the young artist, Robin Glyn; America, Scotland, Egypt—all three as well as Italy brought their influence to bear on Francesca, the lovely and the mysterious, before Robin and she could win happiness.

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SOLITAIRE

By N. BRYSSON MORRISON

Often as the strange, unhappy tale of Mary, Queen of Scots, has been told, such glamour surrounds that tragic figure that it can never be told too often. Miss Morrison has been daring in her choice of a subject, but her recreation of Mary's tragic life is brilliantly done.

THE MAIDEN

By MYRTLE JOHNSTON

The author of 'Hanging Johnny' and 'Relentless' tells the story of Maria, born of doubtful parentage in the slums of San Francisco, who takes to the sea as a man and becomes mate, ship's captain and pirate. A strange, original and powerful story.

O PEOPLE!

By ROBERT CRAIG

A powerful story by the author of 'Lucy Flockhart,' in which the hero is an idealist whom many call mad, and the heroine a girl whom the 'unco' guid' call bad. At once realistic and satirical, it will not soon be forgotten, and augurs great things for its young author.

THE MOSS ROAD

By JEAN WHITE

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Miss Morrison 'discovers' Mary Queen of Scots

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N. BRYSSON MORRISON.

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for June will contain among other contributions a further instalment of *The Discourses of Fania*, scenes from life in a French provincial university, by Robert G. Dundas; *Plagiaristic Plays*, by Joe Graham; *The Kiln by the Sea: A Highland Legend*, by Capt. D. F. Suttie; *A Contribution to Clara Gazul*, by Angela Thirkell.

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BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

A Study in Rebellion

A WELL-KNOWN French detective is supposed, on one occasion, to have remarked that the ordinary policeman always thought that everybody ought to be in prison, and that, as a matter of fact, he was not far wrong. It is not precisely this aspect with which Mr. Henry T. F. Rhodes deals in his new book, *Genius and Criminal*, but he has written a remarkable study of the kinship which exists between the man of genius and the criminal—both of whom are in rebellion against their environment. They break through or are broken. Mr. Rhodes first states his argument and then illustrates it with examples drawn from the lives of certain notorious criminals and of certain men of genius who may be taken as typical, and finally sums up with a retrospective view of the facts. This is an intensely interesting study, provocative of thought and of real social value.

A charming volume for all anglers

IN a little pocket volume of prose pieces and verse, Dr. E. A. Barton—who is as well known as a fisherman as he is as a writer and photographer—has depicted some of the attractions connected with angling on our slow-moving southern chalk streams, and of the peaceful water-meadows through which they flow. The book is entitled *Chalk Streams and Water Meadows*, and its attractiveness is enhanced by the twelve photographs specially selected by the author from his collection. A Prefatory Letter is included by Mr. G. E. M. Skues, who puts on record the good humour, wit, kindliness, helpfulness, generosity, love of nature and genuine poetic feeling which have made the author's company such a delight to all his friends of the waterside.



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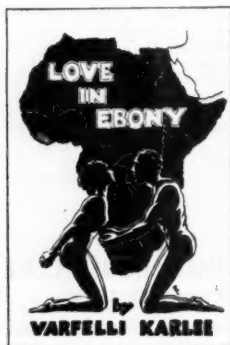
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BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

A unique African romance

THERE have been many stories of African romance, but few, if any, written from the inside. *Love in Ebony* may therefore be described as a unique novel, for its author, who writes under the name of Varfelli Karlee, is a well-known Liberian whose grandfather was one of the pioneers of 1820. He has filled many posts of State, including that of Secretary or Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department, and Under-Secretary of State for War in 1912. His book tells a stirring story of love and chivalry, hatred and superstition, and is of extraordinary interest as setting forth authoritatively and in most attractive guise the life, mind, and love of the black man.



A stirring historical romance

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D. T. H. McLELLAN.

anger. But it is around Thomas Innes, liar and pirate, that the story is woven.

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BOOK NOTES FOR JUNE

Next Month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for July will contain among other contributions *The Discourses of Fanica*, III; *The Mystery of the Hawash*, by Frank E. Hayter, F.Z.S.; *The Backward Races of Burma*, by G. E. Mitton; *Marine Biology at Bermuda*, by C. M. Yonge, D.Sc., and *Poets in Politics*, by Philip Carr.

The chief feature of the number will be a special contribution in connexion with the

LEWIS CARROLL CENTENARY

and the Exhibition to be held early in July at Messrs. Bumpus' Oxford Street rooms. This is *Alice's Recollections of Carrollian Days, as told by her son, C. L. Hargreaves*. Written down just before her 80th birthday, these, beyond all other recollections, reflect how a child's fairyland came to be created, and by a special exception to the ordinary custom of CORNHILL, they are illustrated by two portraits—one from a drawing by Mrs. Cecil G. Trew of 'Alice' to-day, at eighty, the other from a photograph of the child Alice and her sisters in fancy costume, taken by Lewis Carroll himself, in the days when he was inventing his stories for their delight.

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